

27 PAGES
OF TV....

SICK

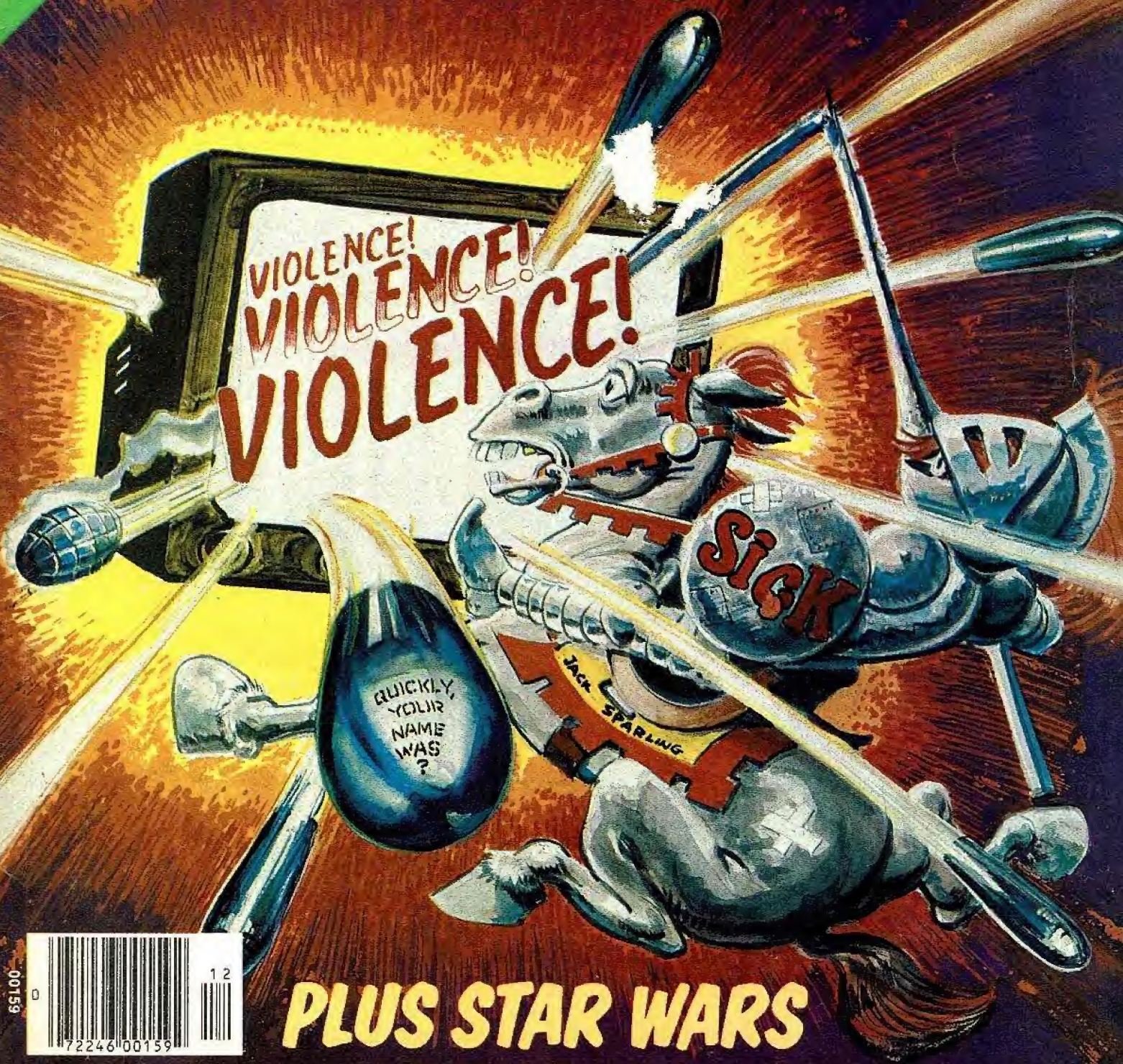
50¢

CHARLTON
PUBLICATIONS

DECEMBER 1977

CDC 00159


VIOLENCE!
VIOLENCE!
VIOLENCE!



PLUS STAR WARS



CONTINUED INSIDE BACK COVER



SICK

Publisher JOHN SANTANGELO, JR.
Managing Editor JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.
Editor JACK SPARLING
Art Director JACK SPARLING, JR.
Cameraman TOM RUBINO

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS...

Dave Manak, Jack Sparling, Bill Burke, Dek

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS...

Joe Gill, Arnold Drake, George Kashdan

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|--------|
| 27 Pages of TV VIOLENCE with an all star cast | ---6 |
| STAR WARS | ----33 |
| VIOLENCE in comics | ---38 |
| CASEY | ----44 |
| CHER D'FLOWER | ----47 |

SICK, publication #495640, published bimonthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Vol. 17, No. 118, Dec., 1977. Office of publication Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418. Second class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, CT. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, CT. ©Copyright 1977 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. (Printed in U.S.A.) Annual subscription \$3.00. Subscription Manager: Gina Brunetti. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited manuscripts, songs or photos. Authorized for sale in the U.S.A., its territories, possessions and Canada only. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.

Sick Scrawls



DEAR SICK:

I HAVE READ YOUR MAGAZINE WITH RELISH AND YOUR LETTERS PAGE WITH DELIGHT AND I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THIS IS THE PLACE... THE NEW YORK TIMES SHOWS A CERTAIN RELUCTANCE TO PRINTING OUR LETTERS BUT WE "FLAT WORLDERS" WILL NOT BE FOREVER DENIED ... WOULD YOU OPEN YOUR COLUMNS TO CONVINCING ARGUMENTS FROM OTHERS WHO BELIEVE THE WORLD IS FLAT, AND CAN PROVE IT?

HOPEFULLY
HAROLD FLATTERY
FLATBUSH

DEAR FLATTERY:

UNLIKE THE TIMES, "WE PRINT ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FLAT TO PRINT." LET'S HEAR IT FROM YOU FLAT WORLDERS!

LE EDITOR

MR. 'SICK':

ALTHOUGH I'M ONLY TEN YEARS OLD I LIKE YOUR MAGAZINE VERY MUCH. IT'S FUNNY AND MOSTLY SICK. AND MOSTLY IT'S WORTH ITS PRICE 50c.

I WOULD LIKE TO ASK A FAVOR FROM YOUR MAGAZINE. WOULD YOU DO A FUNNY ARTICLE ON THE MOVIE "THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY"?

THANK YOU
YOURS
MIKE NIELSEN

DEAR MIKE:

WE'LL KEEP IT IN MIND IF THE MOVIE COMES AROUND AGAIN.

THANKS
THE EDITOR

DEAR SICK:

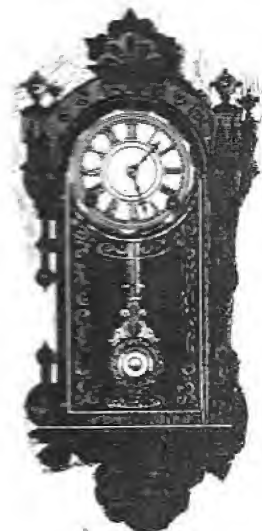
I LAUGHED SO HARD AT YOUR "SIX BILLION DOLLAR MAN" BIT I COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH ROLLED ON THE FLOOR. SOME CLOWN THOUGHT I WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK ... HE STARTED MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION... TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT WE'RE ENGAGED. THANKS SIX BILLION FOR THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN I GOT.

LOVE YOU
SHIRLEY EFFINGWELL

DEAR SHIRLEY:

A NOTE OF COMMERCIALISM CREEPS INTO OUR FULL HEARTS ... YOU LANDED THIS SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN FOR AN OUTLAY OF 50c. WHAT OTHER MAGAZINE CAN MAKE THAT STATEMENT?

REGARDS
THE EDITOR



SICK:
YOUR BOOK IS FUNNY, BUT I
CAN HARDLY FIND THEM IN
ANY STORES. WHAT SHOULD I
DO?
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF
SUBSCRIPTIONS WELL YOU'RE
WRONG, BECAUSE ME AND MY
FAMILY ARE MOVING TO
HOUSTON AND I DON'T KNOW
WHEN.

CONFUSED AND TIRED OF
LOOKING

ELIZABETH BERGEN
BEAUMONT, TEXAS 77708

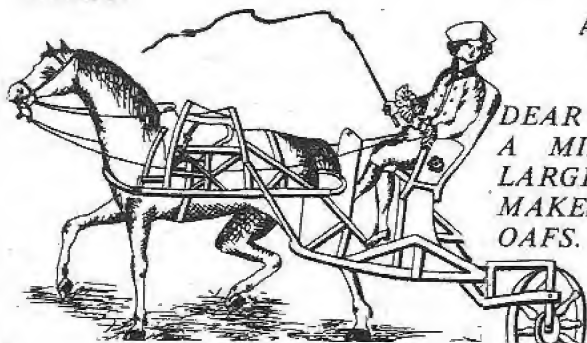
DEAR ELIZABETH:
DISTRIBUTION IS SOMETIMES
A PROBLEM ... BUT POSSIBLY
HOUSTON IS MORE
ENLIGHTENED. LET'S HOPE SO
FOR BOTH OUR SAKES. SICK
NEEDS YOU.

THE EDITOR

DEAR SICK:
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THAT CAP'N
BEEBE OUT OF NEWPORT
HANGING THE BACK COVER
OF THE SEASICK SAILOR IN
THE CABIN ... THE PROPER
PLACE IS THE INSIDE DOOR
OF THE HEAD JUST ABOUT
WAIST HIGH. WHERE
EVERYBODY WILL GET A
CHANCE TO STUDY IT AT
LENGTH.

A SALT WATER SAILOR
FROM DOWN EAST
SPIKE MARLIN

DEAR SPIKE:
SICK IS FLATTERED ... WE
MAINTAIN A MAN'S OWN ART
GALLERY SHOULD BE A
MATTER OF HIS CHOICE. WE
GUESS.



We'd like to thank you
for getting SICK!



DEAR SICK:
YOUR COVER WITH THE DON
QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS
WHAT SICK IS ALL ABOUT.
LAUGHING AT OURSELVES IS
THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE.
THE LITANY OF TRANSGRES-
SIONS AGAINST OUR MINDS
BY BIG BROTHER SIMPLY
BOGGLE SAME.

EVER A FAN
HANNAH BACON

DEAR HANNAH:
THANKS, AND YOU JUST KEEP
THROWING THOSE FIFTY
CENTS ACROSS THE COUNTER
AT YOUR LOCAL MAGAZINE
STORE AND WE'LL KEEP
DOING OUR ... OR YOUR
THING!

REGARDS
THE EDITOR

DEAR SIRs:
YOUR STORY OF THE LATE
SHOW HOSTS PUTTING DOWN
NEW YORK WAS A JOY .. THE
BIG APPLE MAY HAVE IT'S
SHARE OF WORMS, BUT ONLY
IT'S SHARE. AS YOU POINTED
OUT "EVERWHERE" U.S.A.
OPERATES JUST THE SAME ... I
LAUGHED AT THE PICTURES.

A N.Y. SECRETARY
VERA WAMPOLE

DEAR VERA:
A MILLION A YEAR AND
LARGE TV EXPOSURE TIME
MAKES ORACLES OUT OF
OAFs.

WE CONCUR...
THE EDITORS

DEAR SIRs:
I WROTE YOU LAST ISSUE
ABOUT MY EX-GIRL FRIEND
"CHER D'FLOWER" AND I
MEAN "EX". WHEN SHE WENT
TO WORK FOR "SICK" SHE
TORE IT WITH ME ... I HEAR
THAT PLACE HAS SO MANY
WOLVES THEY SERVE ALPO IN
THE CAFETERIA.

BURNED UP
O.M.I.J.

DEAR O.M.I.J.
THERE IS NO CAFETERIA
HERE. WE JUST TOSS THE
EMPTY ALPO CANS OUT THE
WINDOW ... SIGNED THE
EDITOR



Violence Sweet Violence

THE GROWING PUBLIC REACTION AGAINST TELEVISION VIOLENCE HAS PANICKED THE INDUSTRY. THE FOLLOWING IS A REPORT ON A SECRET INDUSTRY MEETING TO ANSWER THIS THREAT. THE REPORT MAY BE FULLY VOUCHERED FOR, SINCE IT DID NOT COME FROM ANY NETWORK NEWSROOM.

THIS MEETING WILL COME TO ORDER!

I BEWIEVE THE PROBLEM OF VIOLENCE ON TV STARTS WITH POOR DICTION! DON'T YOU AGWEE, HAIWY?

HOW CAN I AGREE OR DISABREE, BWABWA, WHEN I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A THING YOU'RE SAYING?

PLEASE, MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?



KLUNKRITE

WAWTERS

SNEEZNER

TO COMPREHEND THE DILEMMA OF VIDEO VIOLENCE, WE MUST NOT OBFUSCATE THE ISSUE WITH PEDAGOGICAL VERBIAGE THAT EXACERBATES THE LAYMAN'S INTOLERANCE OF SUPERCILIOUS PRONOUNCEMENTS!

WHO YOU CALLIN' THE SUPER-SILLIEST, SLOWSELL?

I KNOW WHY THERE'S SO MUCH VIOLENCE.. BECAUSE THE GAYS ARE TAKING OVER MOVIES, TV AND THE BIBLE!



KLUNKRITE

SLOWSELL

MOHAMBONE



STRIDENT

A LITTLE VIOLENCE CAN'T HURT, AS LONG AS IT'S KEPT IN THE FAMILY -- RIGHT, DUMMY?

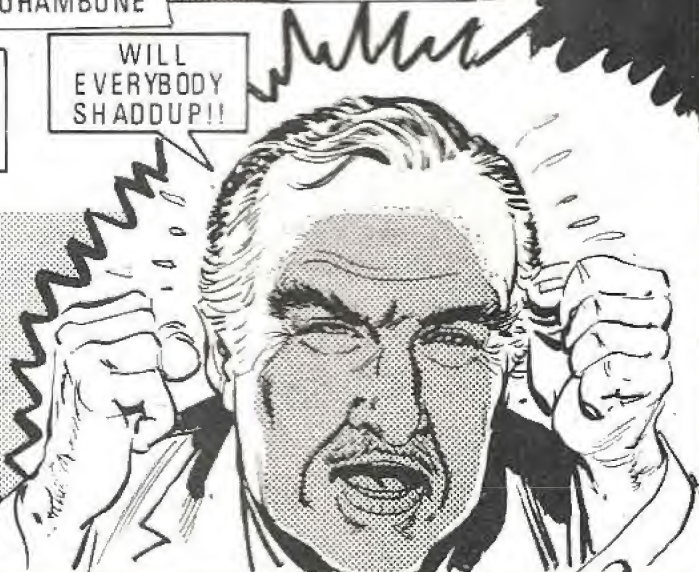
SO HOW COME YOU NEVER LET ME VIOLATE ANYBODY, CHEERIE?

WILL EVERYBODY SHADDUP!!

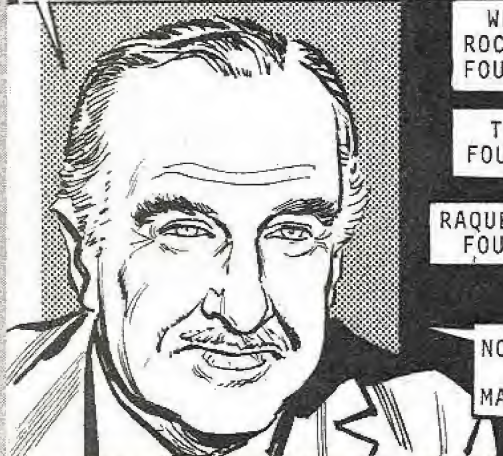


KLUNKRITE

CHEERIE & DUMMY



AS YOU KNOW THIS CONFERENCE ON THE PROBLEM OF TV VIOLENCE IS SPONSORED BY ONE OF OUR FOREMOST INTELLECTUAL FOUNDATIONS!



WHO? THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION?

THE FORD FOUNDATION?

RAQUEL WELCH'S FOUNDATION?

NO -- BY SICK MAGAZINE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VIOLENCE, ANYHOW? I THINK EVERYONE SHOULD PWAY SOME MUSICAL INSTRUMENT...DON'T YOU AGWEE, HAIWY?

BWABWA, YOU BIRDBRAIN.. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT VIOLENCE. NOT VIOLINS!



WAWTERS



SNEEZONER

TO HELP US UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM MORE FULLY, I'VE INVITED, AS OUR GUEST SPEAKER, THE EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST, DR. JOY SMOTHERS -- B.S., M.S., PH.D!



KLUNKRITE



SMOTHERS



MOHAMBONE

WHAT DO ALL THEM LETTERS MEAN, SLOWSELL?

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW WHAT "B.S." STANDS FOR, ALLEY!

"M.S." MEANS MORE-OF-THE-SAME... "PH.D." IS SHORT FOR PILED-HIGHER-AND-DEEPER!



SLOWSELL

AS A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, DEDICATED TO SCIENCE, I AM ONLY CHARGING \$5 AN HOUR FOR THIS CONSULTATION..

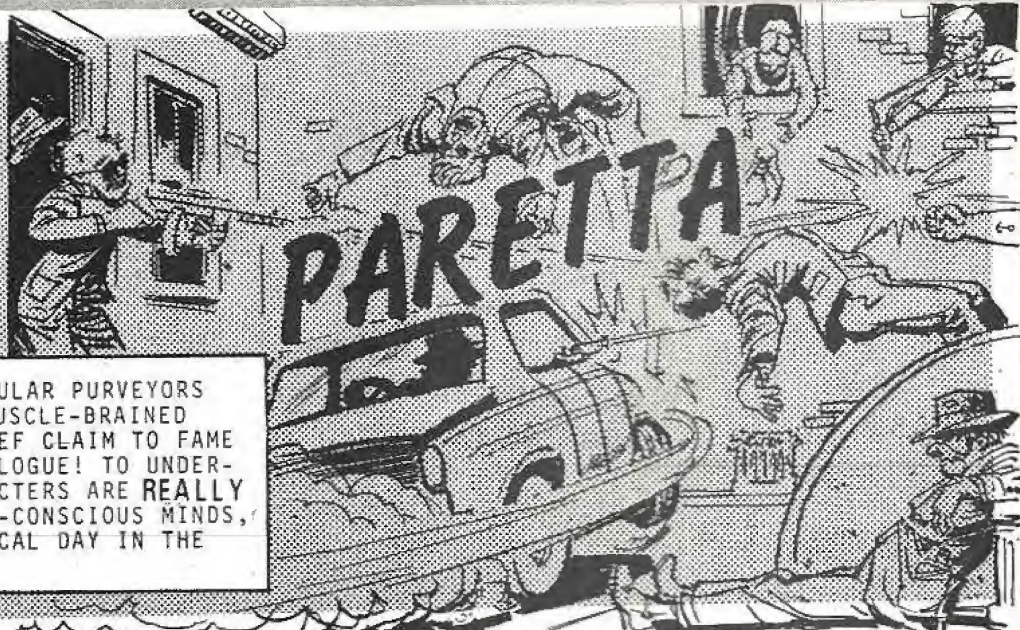
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU!

...PLUS \$200 AN HOUR AS A MEMBER OF ACTORS EQUITY!



TO DEMONSTRATE AND CONVEY THE BENEFITS OF TV VIOLENCE, I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF REWRITING A TYPICAL SCRIPT -- FOR WHICH I CHARGE \$5800 AS A MEMBER OF THE WRITERS GUILD!





ONE OF TV'S MOST POPULAR PURVEYORS OF VIOLENCE IS A MUSCLE-BRAINED STREET-COP WHOSE CHIEF CLAIM TO FAME IS HIS SENSELESS DIALOGUE! TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE CHARACTERS ARE REALLY SAYING, IN THEIR SUB-CONSCIOUS MINDS, LET'S OPEN ON A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF...

DETECTIVE PARETTA, AREN'T YOU GOING TO STOP ALL THIS MURDER AND MAYHEM?

MURDER AND MAYHEM...LET'S SEE IF MY BOOK HAS ANYTHING ON IT!

WHAT BOOK? THE POLICE MANUAL?

NO, THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF SIGMUND FREUD!



SEXUAL FANTASIES...NOW I GOT THE PICTURE!

YOU MEAN THE ANSWER TO ALL THE VIOLENCE?

I MEAN THE ANSWER TO HUSTLER MAGAZINE!

THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK ARE A REAL TURN-ON!





I'M THE HEAT,
MAN, AND YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!

WHAT'S
THE
CHARGE?

CARRYIN' A
PHALLIC SYMBOL
WITHOUT A
PERMIT!



YOU AIN'T
TAKIN' ME
IN PARETTA!

OOF! YOU'RE
ONLY FIGHTIN'
ME 'CAUSE I'M
A FIGURE OF
AUTHORITY,

..LIKE YOUR
FATHER, WHO
YOU ALWAYS
HATED!

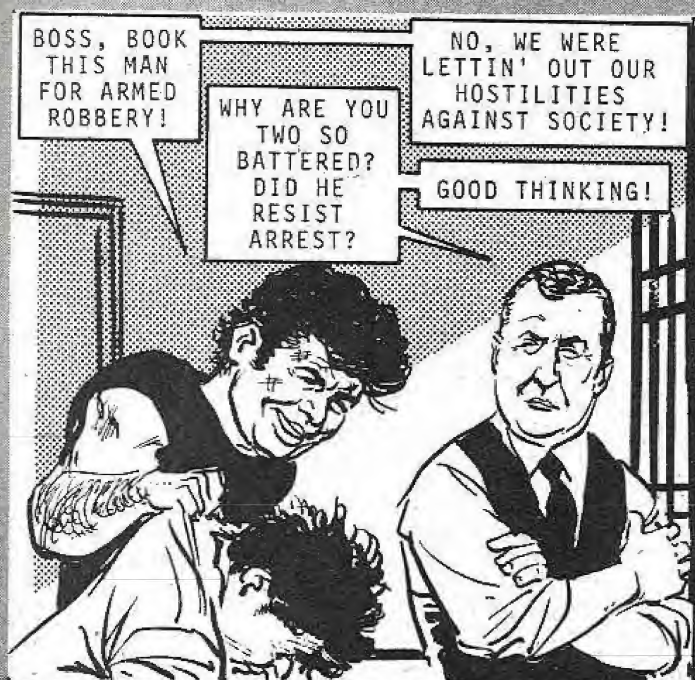


I'M REALLY
DOIN' THIS
FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD,
PAL!

MY OWN
GOOD?

YEAH... SUB-CONSCIOUSLY
YOU WANT TO BE PUNISHED!

THANKS, PARETTA,
YOU'RE A REAL BUDDY!



BOSS, BOOK
THIS MAN
FOR ARMED
ROBBERY!

WHY ARE YOU
TWO SO
BATTERED?
DID HE
RESIST
ARREST?

NO, WE WERE
LETTIN' OUT OUR
HOSTILITIES
AGAINST SOCIETY!

GOOD THINKING!



PARETTA, I'M
ASSIGNING
YOU TO TRACK
DOWN NYMPHO
LA SEXPOTTE,
THE QUEENPIN
OF CRIME!

BUT
NOBODY
KNOWS
HER REAL
IDENTITY
BOSS!
HOW DO I
RECOGNIZE
HER?

SHE GETS HER
KICKS BY
WHIPPING HER
ENEMIES!

SHE CAN'T
BE ALL BAD
IF SHE ACTS
OUT HER SEX
FANTASIES!

I HEAR
DETECTIVE
PHONY
PARETTA
IS OUT
TO GET
ME!

YEAH,
NYMPHO
...HE
SWORE
HE'D
BEAT
YOU TO
A PULP!

HOW
COME?
I
NEVER
HURT
HIM!

HE SAYS ALL
WOMEN
SECRETLY CRAVE
TO BE SPANKED
BY THEIR
FATHER-FIGURES!



I WANT YOU
TO BREAK
EVERY
BONE IN
HIS BODY!
THEN GOUGE
OUT HIS EYES
-- CHOP OFF
HIS FINGERS
-- RIP OUT
HIS TONGUE!

WHY DON'T
WE JUST
KILL HIM
AND BE
DONE WITH
IT?

BECAUSE
THERE IS MORE
IN LIFE THAN
JUST BUSINESS
BUSINESS!



GOOSTER, MY MAN,
WHAT CAN YOUR
TOUGH-TROLLOPS-
WITH-HEARTS-OF-
GOLD TELL ME
ABOUT NYMPHO
LA SEXPOTTE?

TELL 'EM IF THEY
DON'T, I'M LIABLE
TO SATISFY THEIR
INNATE NEED TO BE
DOMINATED!

MY
CHICKS
AIN'T
STOOLIN'
FOR YOU,
PARETTA!

Y'ALL HEARD
WHAT BIG
DADDY PARETTA
SAID?



HEY! WHOA!
WHY ARE
YOU
GANGIN'
UP ON
ME?

GOOSTER
CALLED YOU
BIG DADDY!

AND AS EVERYONE
KNOWS, ALL
HOOKERS HATE
THEIR FATHERS!

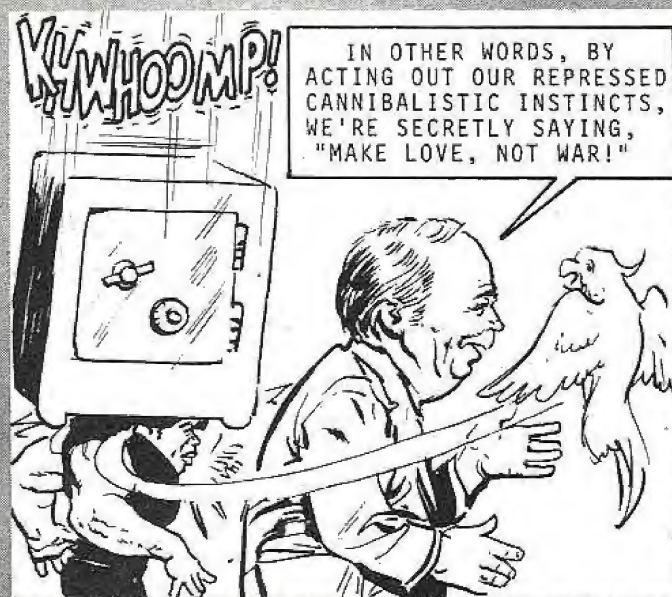


YOW! WHAT'S
YOUR BEEF
WITH ME,
GOOSTER?

HEALTHY ENVY,
HONKEY! I
WANTED TO BE
A COP, EARNIN'
A STEADY \$150
A WEEK, LIKE
YOU!

INSTEAD, I WAS
FORCED INTO PIMPIN'
-- AT A STEADY
\$2000 A WEEK!







WHAT THE PUBLIC IS WORRIED ABOUT IS PURE, UNDISGUISED VIOLENCE. WHO CAN BLAME THEM? SO THE ANSWER IS--

--GIVE THEM DISGUISED VIOLENCE!



NOW, WHAT'S THE BEST COVER-UP FOR VIOLENCE?

WAR?



YOU WOULD-BE EBONY ADONIS, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WAR?

WHA'CHYOU THINK I DO FOR A LIVIN', HEM STITCHIN'?



REMEMBER, UNDER ANGLO-SAXON LAW, A PRIZE FIGHTER'S HANDS ARE DEEMED DEADLY WEAPONS!

WHA'CHYOU THINK YOUR MOUTH IS, A MUSIC BOX?



THE BEST DISGUISE FOR VIOLENCE IS--HISTORY! YOU CAN KILL THE WHOLE CAST--AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN FUNNY, ANCIENT COSTUMES!

SO, PUT ANY VIOLENT SERIES IN COSTUME! DON'T CHANGE THEIR DIALOGUE--JUST THEIR PANTS!





N. B. CAESAR
Presents
STARSKIUS And HUTCHOUS
In
The GREAT PASTAFAZOO ROBBERY!



SORRY YOU COULDN'T MAKE
THE ORGY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS
LAST WEEKEND, STARSKIUS!
IT WAS HOT STUFF!

YES, I HEARD OLD
VESU REALLY BLEW
HER TOP! BURIED
POMPEI ASH-OVER
END! SORRY I MISSED
THE FUN! BUT I HAD
SOME KICKS, TOO!

I FOUGHT
FOR
CAESAR



TOOK IN A DOUBLE-HEADER AT THE ARENA!

GREAT! I'VE NEVER SEEN A LION BITE
OFF TWO HEADS AT ONCE!

SCRAM, STUMPIOUS! YOU OWE THREE
BRIBES TO THE PALACE GUARDS
BENEVOLENT FUND!



WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
CAPT. DUBIUS
WANTS TO
SEE US
ABOUT?

ABOUT HOW WE LOST ANOTHER
WHEEL ON THE SQUAD-CHARIOT!

SCRAM,
BLINKYOUS!

SORRY,
GUARDSMAN
HUTCHOUS,
I DIDN'T SEE
YOU COMING!



CAESAR'S
PALACE
GUARDS
3RD PRECINCT

CAPT. DUBIUS
SAYS FROM NOW
ON WE PAY FOR
ALL CHARIOT
DAMAGES!

DOESN'T HE KNOW,
CHARIOT BEGINS
AT HOME?

CLEAR THE WAY
PERVERTIOUS!





HEY! STARKSIUS!
HUTCHOUS! YOU
FORGOT TO PUNCH
THE HOUR-GLASS!

WHAT A SHAME!



WHY DON'T WE
PUNCH YOU
INSTEAD,
FAGIUS
CLERKOUS?

O...! I
LOVE IT!
I LOVE
IT!

YOU CAN'T WIN
WITH THESE
S-AND-M
LOVERS!



CEASAR
SAYS--
TOE THE
LINE...OR
BE IN LION!

WE CAN EXPLAIN ABOUT
THE CHARIOT WHEEL,
CHIEFOUS--

NEVER MIND THAT!
HERE'S THE GIG--

TWO CROOKS STOLE
3000 POUNDS OF
PASTA AND 1200
OF BEANS FROM
CEASAR'S WAREHOUSE!

CEASAR SAYS--
TOSS IT! FOR
THE SALAD DAYS.



THAT'S A LOT OF
PASTAFAZOO--
BEAN SOUP!

AND PASTAFAZOO TO YOU,
TOO! NOW GET THIS--

--IF YOU TWO DON'T
CRACK THIS CASE,
THIS CHIEF IS GOING
TO KICK YOU BOTH
IN THE TOGAS!



IF THEY ATE THE LOOT, WE'LL HAVE A HARD
TIME FINDING THE GUY WHO STOLE THE
PASTA--

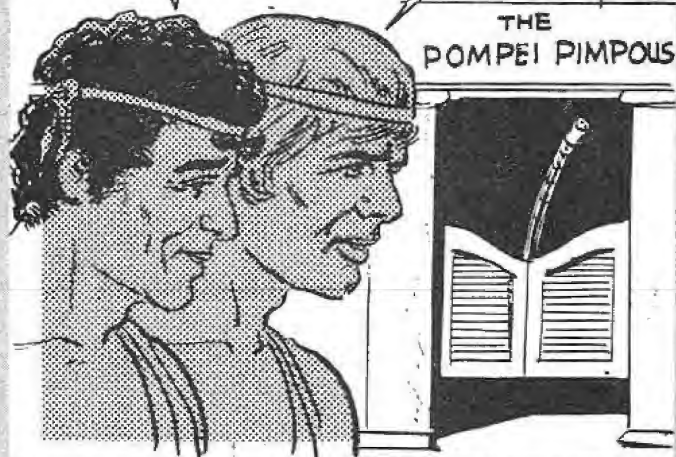
--BUT THE BEAN MAN
WILL BE A CINCIN TO SNIFF OUT!

(SOB!)
I KNEW
YOU'D
SAY
THAT!

WE'LL GET OUR INFO FROM HUGGIUS BEARUS! HE LOVES TO INFORM ON THE UNDERWORLD!

YEAH-- HE'S A REGULAR INFO-MANIAC!

THE POMPEI PIMPOUS



SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PASTA AND BEAN THIEVES, EH? WELL, THE PASTA GUY WON'T BE EASY, BUT--

YOU CAN SURE SNIFF OUT THE BEAN MAN!



WHO? SEMPRE INFIDELOUS? SORRY, MRS. I, HE'S NOT HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE LIBRARY?



THEN TELL HER TO TRY POISONED HEMLOCK! (HIC!) SOCRATES SAID IT'S A KILLER! (HIC! HAC! HOC!)



Hmmm! I THINK SOMEBODY IS AFTER OUR SKINOUS!

WOW! SOME DETECTIVE WORK! NO WONDER YOU CAME IN 2ND IN THE POLICE ACADEMY TESTS!

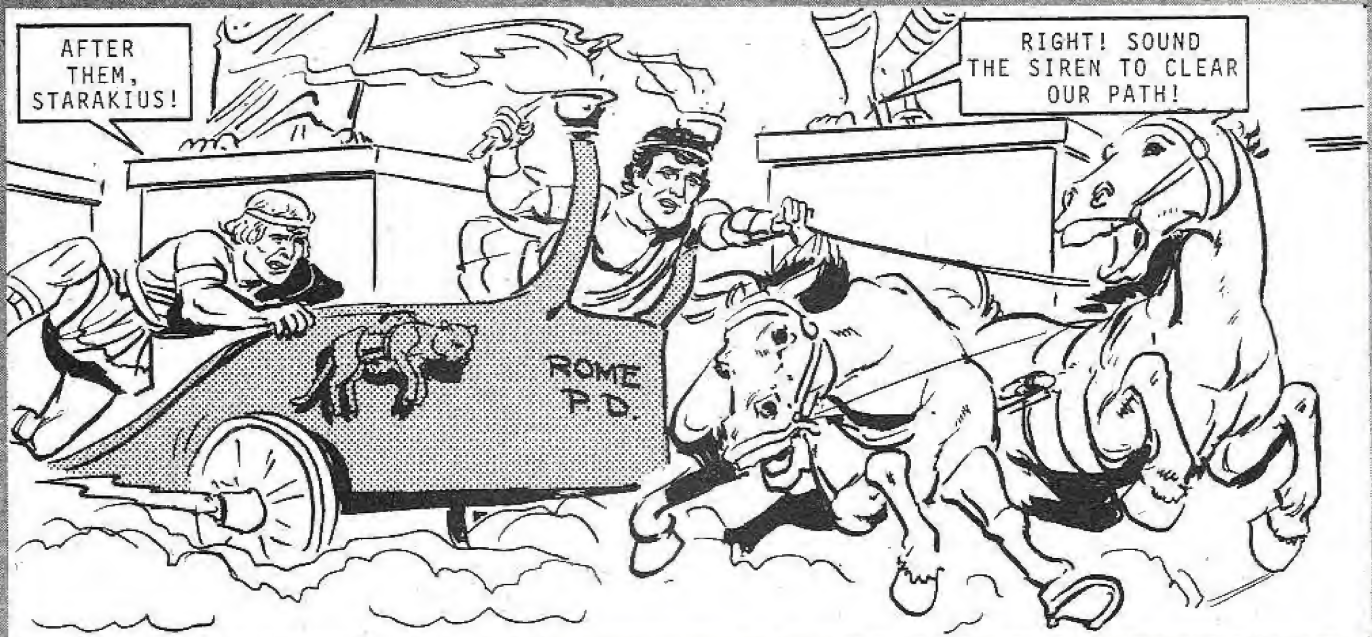


I WOULD HAVE COME IN 1ST, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW "III" WAS ROMAN NUMERALS FOR "THREE"! I THOUGHT--

--IT WAS AN EGOTISTICAL GUY WITH A STAMMER.

THY MOTHER WAS A POLICE DOG!





AFTER
THEM,
STARAKIUS!

RIGHT! SOUND
THE SIREN TO CLEAR
OUR PATH!



KEEP IT DOWN, HUTCHOUS!
IT'S CAESAR'S NAPPY TIME!



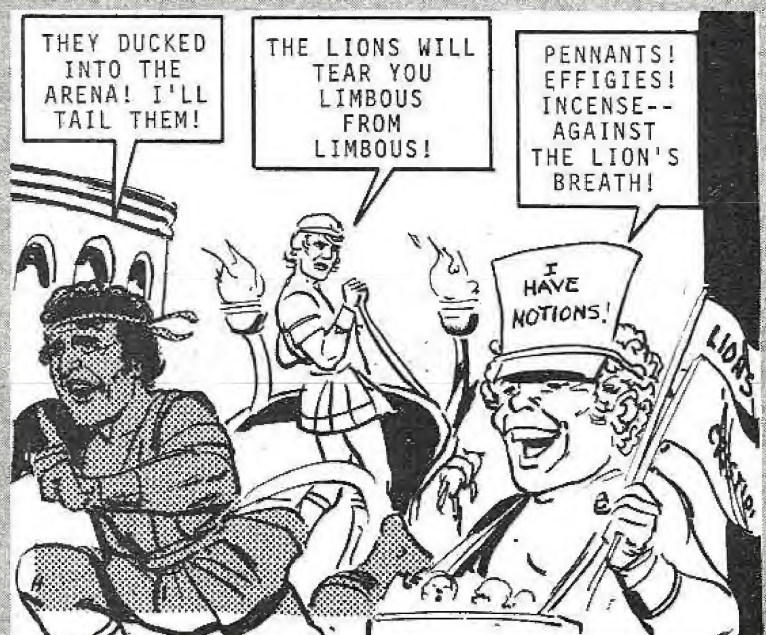
LOOK AT THESE
STATUES! WE'VE
SURE GOT A GOOD
HIGHWAY
DEPARTMENT!

YES! AND SEE! ROME'S LEADING
SCULPTOR, CLEVEROUS CARVEROUS,
IS FINISHING HIS GREATEST WORK!
A STATUE OF--



--BACCHUS, GOD
OF WINE! BUT
THOSE
URCHINS ARE
PLAGUING HIM!

GET OFF MY
BACCHUS!



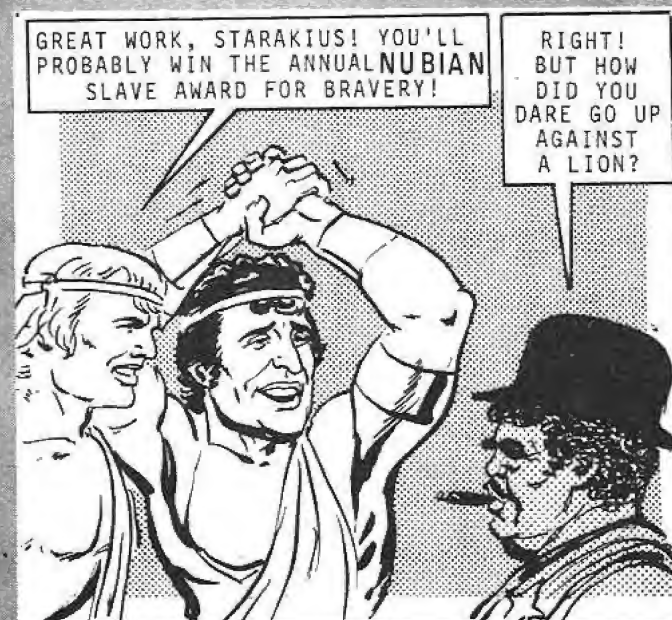
THEY DUCKED
INTO THE
ARENA! I'LL
TAIL THEM!

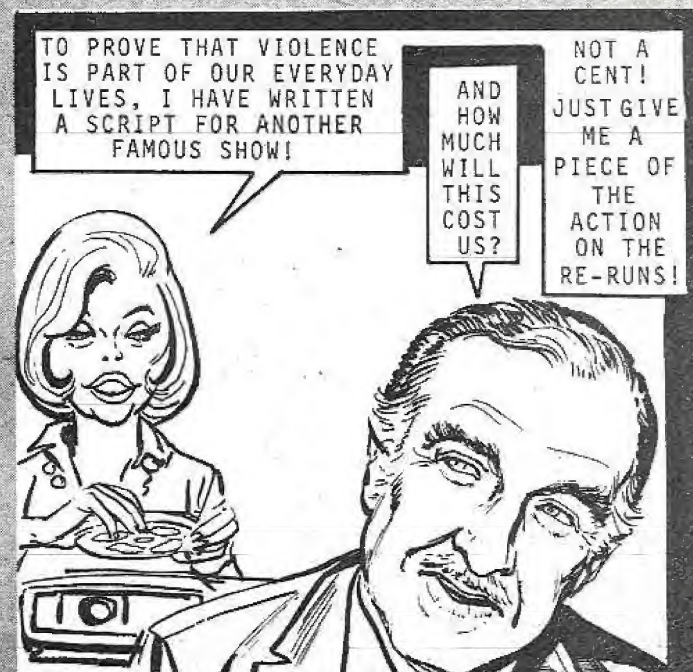
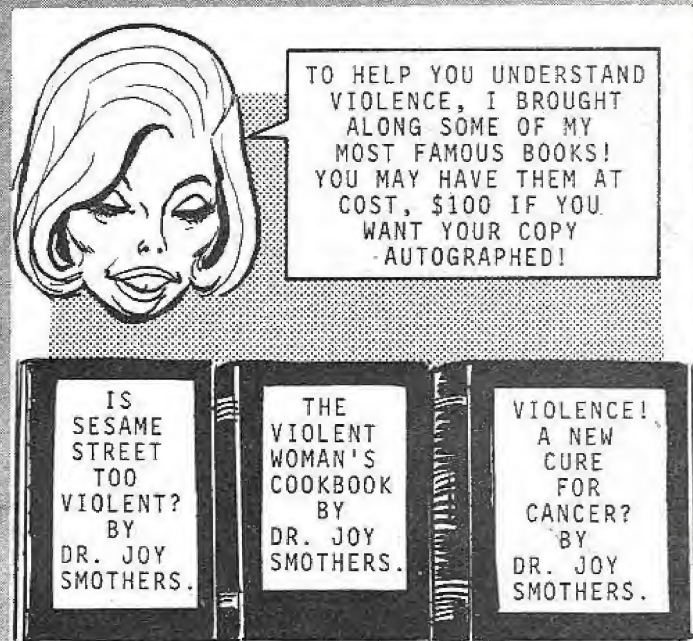
THE LIONS WILL
TEAR YOU
LIMBOUS
FROM
LIMBOUS!

PENNANTS!
EFFIGIES!
INCENSE--
AGAINST
THE LION'S
BREATH!

I HAVE
NOTIONS!

LION'S
BREATH





THIS WEEKLY SERIES IS POPULAR MAINLY BECAUSE IT'S A PUREE OF SUGAR, HONEY -- AND BALONEY! WATCHING THIS FAMILY IN ACTION, YOU'D THINK THE GREAT DEPRESSION WAS ONE BIG BALL -- FULL OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT -- WHERE NO ONE EVEN DREAMED OF HURTING HIS FELLOW MAN! TO DISCOVER WHAT WAS REALLY SIMMERING BELOW THE SURFACE, LET'S WATCH AN EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF...

THE

BRAWLTONS



WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOION ON BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN?

THE LAW IS RAIDIN' GONE-BOY'S NEWSPAPER!

WHAT'S HE DONE WRONG?

THEY FOUND OUT HIS PRINTIN' PRESS IS A DIS-GUISED STILL -- AND HIS PRINTERS' INK IS REALLY BLACKBERRY LIKKER!

BANG!

BLAM!

KRAK! KRAK!

BAM!



BLAM! BAM! PWHEE-E-E-E PWHEE-E-E-E....

WHO SQUEALED ON ME PAW?

I DID IT, GONE-BOY SO'S I COULD TEACH YOU A LESSON!

A LESSON? WHAT LESSON?

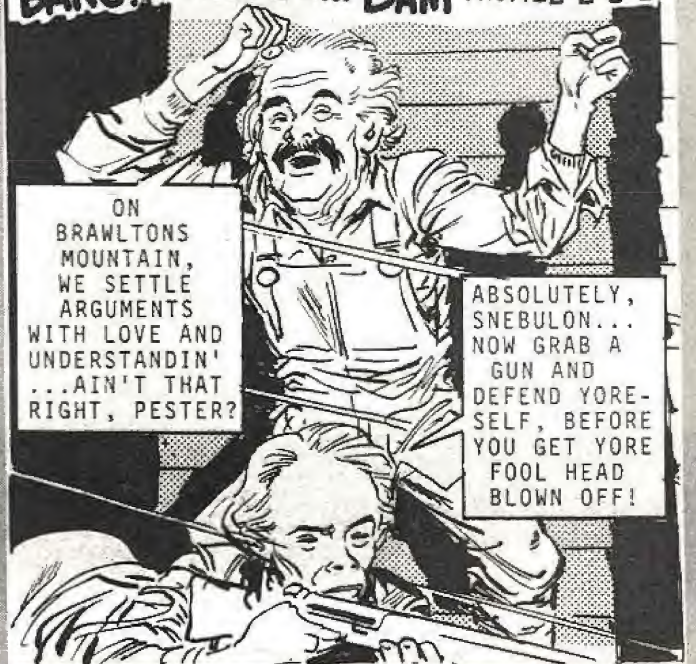
NEVER FLOUT THE LAW WITHOUT CUTTIN' YORE PAW IN ON THE PROFITS!

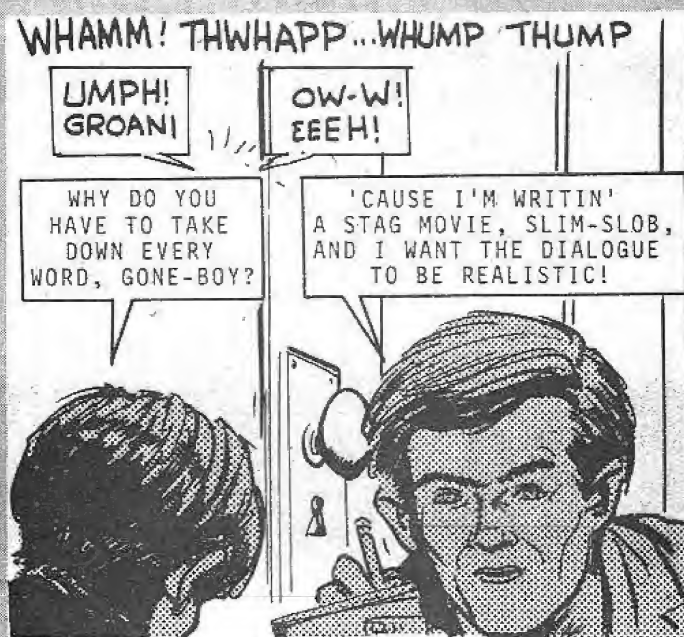
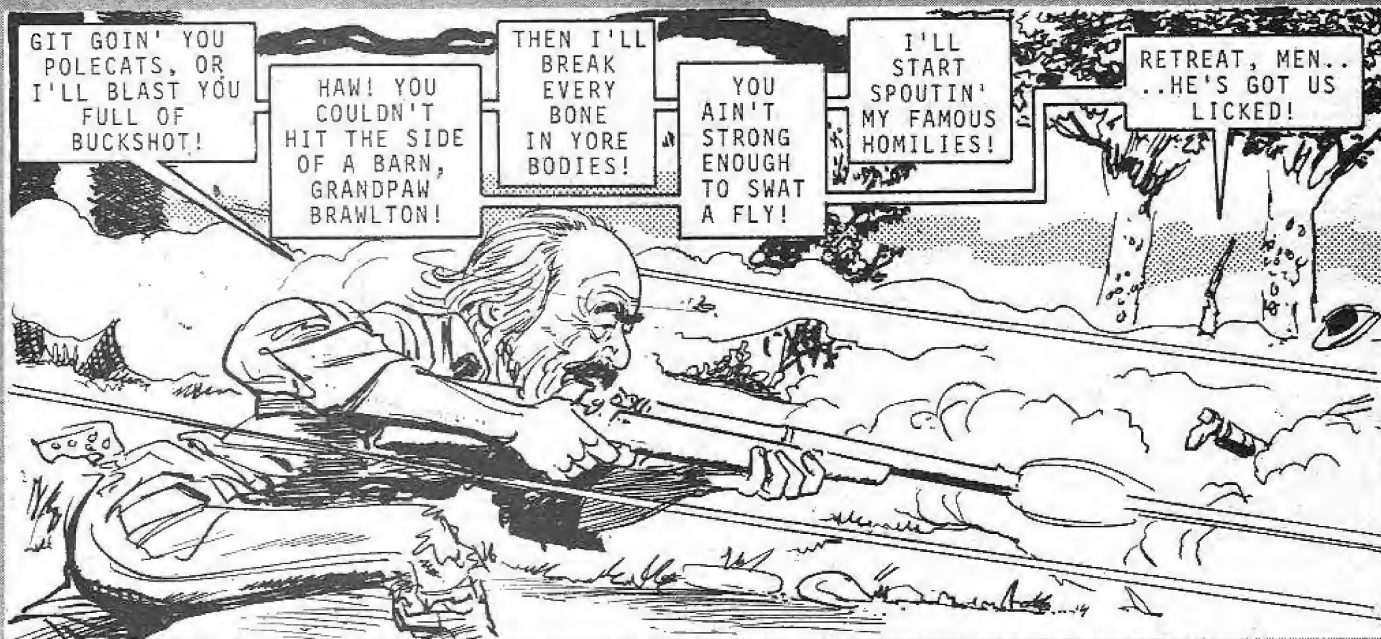


BANG! PWEE-E-E... BAM KWHEE-E-E-E

ON BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN, WE SETTLE ARGUMENTS WITH LOVE AND UNDERSTANDIN' ...AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PESTER?

ABSOLUTELY, SNEBULON... NOW GRAB A GUN AND DEFEND YORE-SELF, BEFORE YOU GET YORE FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF!

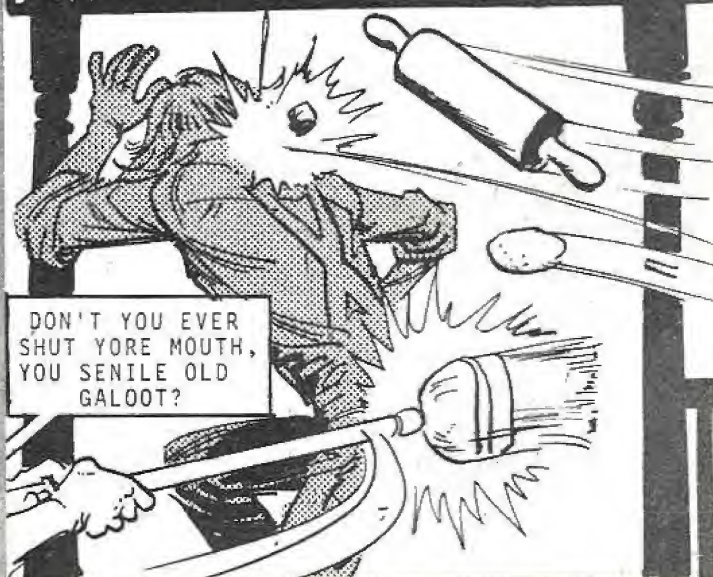




IT'S THIS WAY YOUNG 'UNS ...THE GOOD LORD MADE THE BIRDS AND THE BEES -- AND THOUGH WE BRAWLTONS AIN'T GOT MONEY, A MAN'S FAR RICHER HAVIN' THE SAME TOOL AS A BIRD OR A BEE, AND KNOWIN' HOW TO USE IT WHEN HE HAS A HANKERIN' FOR ...



POW SPLATT CRUNCH SQUISHH



DON'T YOU EVER SHUT YORE MOUTH, YOU SENILE OLD GALOOT?

YOU'RE SO SWEET AND INNOCENT, GLARY-MELON... WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE YOU LOVE ME?

SAME AS ALL OTHERS DO...MY RATE'S \$5 AN HOUR!

THIS IS THE GREAT DEPRESSION ...\$2 IS ALL I CAN AFFORD!



SIC HIM, BRAWLTONS!

GET HIS WALLET-- HIS JEWELRY!

AND HIS ALF LONDON BUTTON-- THAT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE SOME DAY!



IT MAKES A MAW REAL PROUD, SEEIN' HER CHILDREN FEND FOR THEMSELVES!

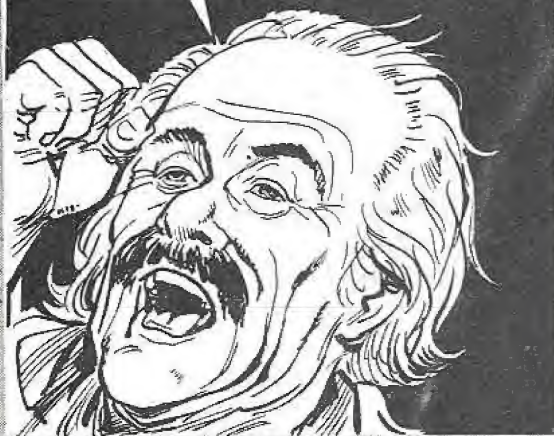
BUT I'LL WHALE THE TAR OUT OF GLARY-MELLON IF SHE FORGETS AGAIN!

FORGETS WHAT?

MY COMMISSION -- FOR STEERIN' ALL THESE RUBES HER WAY!



WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENIN' ON OUR BELOVED BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN! WHEN I WAS A TYKE, MY DADDY CONSIDERED IT SINFUL FOR A WOMAN TO SELL HER BODY -- FOR LESS'N \$10, THAT IS ...



YIKE! WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?



'CAUSE I HEAR-TELL YOU BEEN PEEKIN' WHEN THE GIRLS GET UNDRESSED!



A MAN MY AGE GETS HIS KICKS WHERE HE CAN!

YOU OLD LECHER! LEMME TELL YOU SOMETHIN'... I STILL AIN'T TOO OLD TO TURN A TRICK OR TWO!

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK THE TRAVELIN' SALESMEN.



I'M TIRED OF BEIN' KICKED AROUND! I'M RUNNIN' AWAY, LIKE MY PSYCHOLOGIST ADVISED!

PSYCHOLOGIST? WHAT PSYCHOLOGIST?

DR. JOY SMOTHERS! WHENEVER SHE GETS BORN!

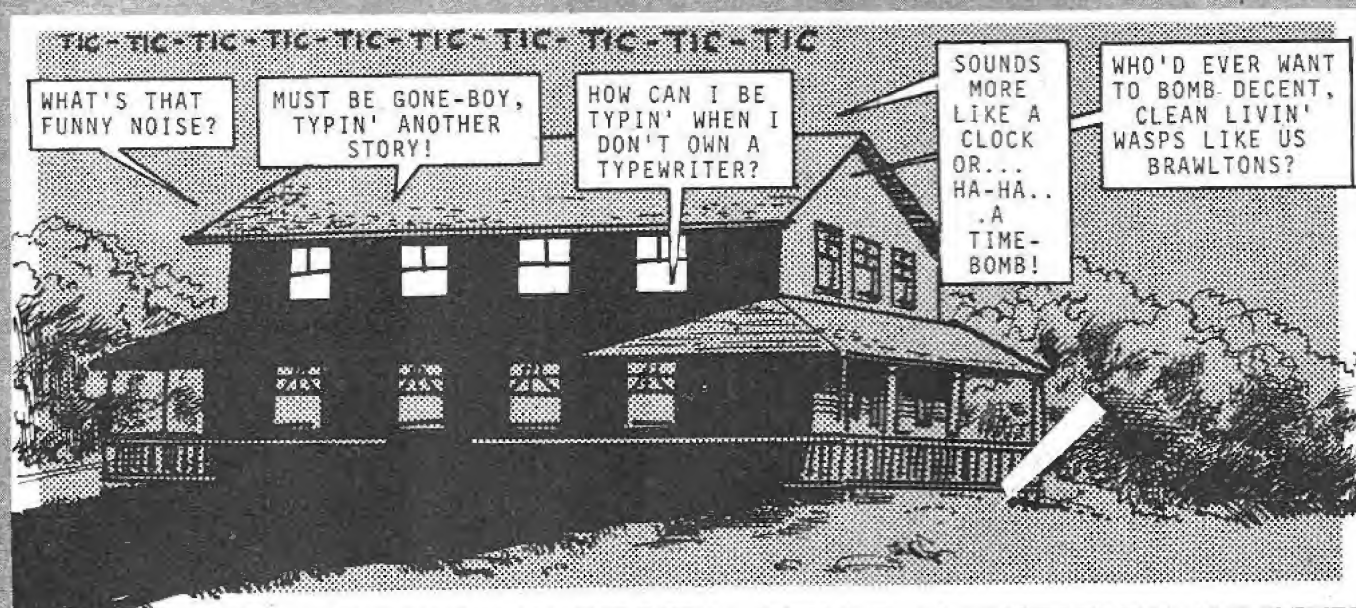


BOO-HOO-HOO... IT BREAKS ME UP EVERY TIME HE RUNS AWAY!

DON'T CRY, GRANDMAW... YOU KNOW HE ALWAYS COMES BACK!

THAT'S WHAT BREAKS ME UP... I WISH HE'D STAY AWAY!







SO YOU SEE HOW VIOLENCE
JUST SEETHES UNDER THE
SURFACE OF "PEACEFUL"
FAMILY SCENES!

THAT'S SILLY! THERE'S NO
VIOLENCE IN OUR FAMILY!



THAT'S TRUE! THE GROUSEPOND
FAMILY KNOWS THE MEANING
OF TOGETHERNESS!

RIGHT! WE'RE
PRACTICALLY
NEVER APART!



WHY, EVEN WHEN DUMMY DATES, I GO WITH HIM!

YEAH! BUT THAT'S NOT MY FAVORITE THING!

WHEN THEY KISS, I MAKE FUNNY NOISES!

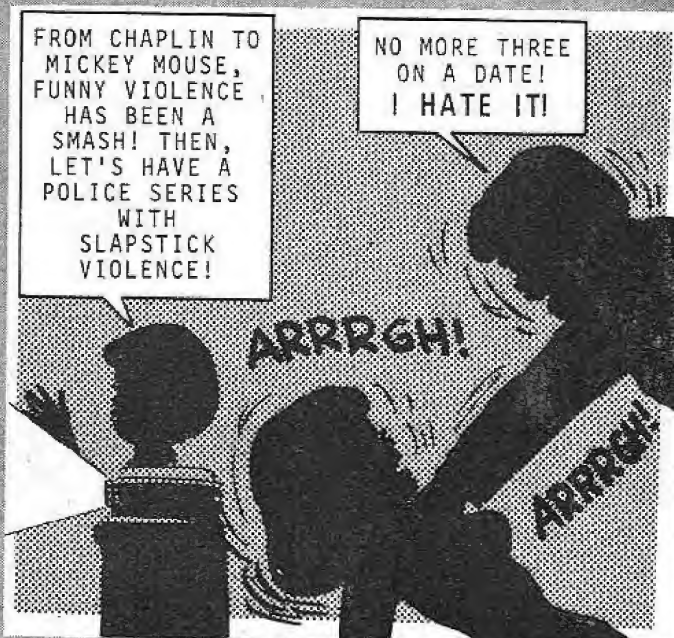
I HATE THAT!



NOW, ONE FINAL SOLUTION
TO OUR PROBLEM--HUMOR!

BUT YOU LOOK
FUNNY WHEN
YOU KISS!
YOUR EYES
BUG OUT
AND--

I HATE IT!
I HATE IT!



FROM CHAPLIN TO
MICKEY MOUSE,
FUNNY VIOLENCE
HAS BEEN A
SMASH! THEN,
LET'S HAVE A
POLICE SERIES
WITH
SLAPSTICK
VIOLENCE!

NO MORE THREE
ON A DATE!
I HATE IT!

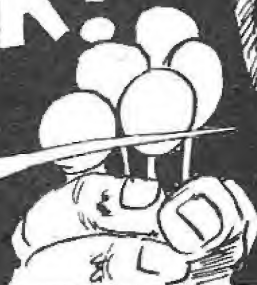
ARRRGH!

ARRRGH!

HERE HE IS, THE SKIN-HEADED
KNIGHT WHO BATTLES THE DRAGONS
OF BIG-CITY CRIME. LET OTHERS
ARM THEMSELVES TO THE TEETH!
KOJERK MARCHES FORTH WITH
NOTHING BUT SOME LOLLIPOPS
AND A BAG OF POPCORN!
THAT'S TOUGH!

KOJERK!

WHAT KILLED
HER STAYGROSS?



SHE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD, STABBED
IN THE HEART, POISONED FROM A
BOTTLE MARKED "SACCHARIN" AND
STRANGLED WITH HER OWN STOCKINGS!

OOOO!
I'LL BET
THAT
SMARTED!
HAVE
SOME
POPCORN!



HOW CAN YOU EAT
THAT JUNK WHEN
YOU'RE LOOKING AT
A BRUTALLY
MUTILATED
CORPSE?

WHAT'S 'AMATTA? YOU
THINK I GOT NO CLASS?
YOU THINK I DON'T
SUFFER WHEN MY
PEOPLE GET CHOPPED
UP?



YOUR PEOPLE?
YOU MEAN
GREEKS?

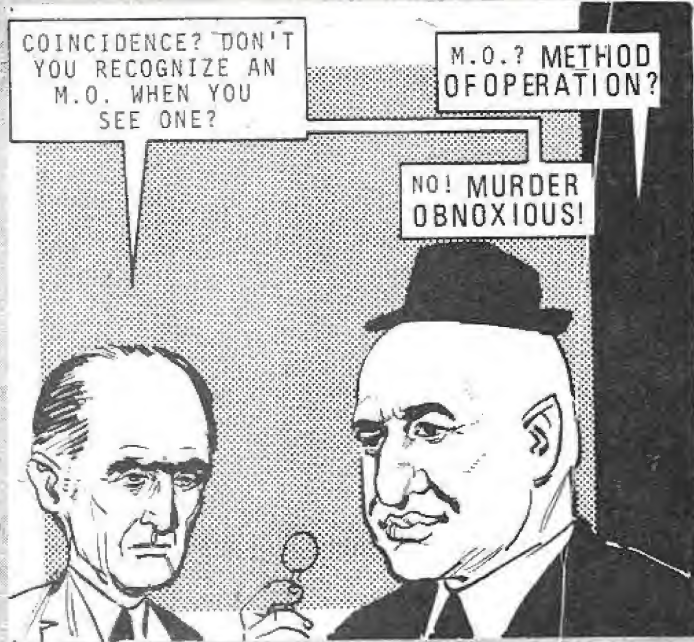
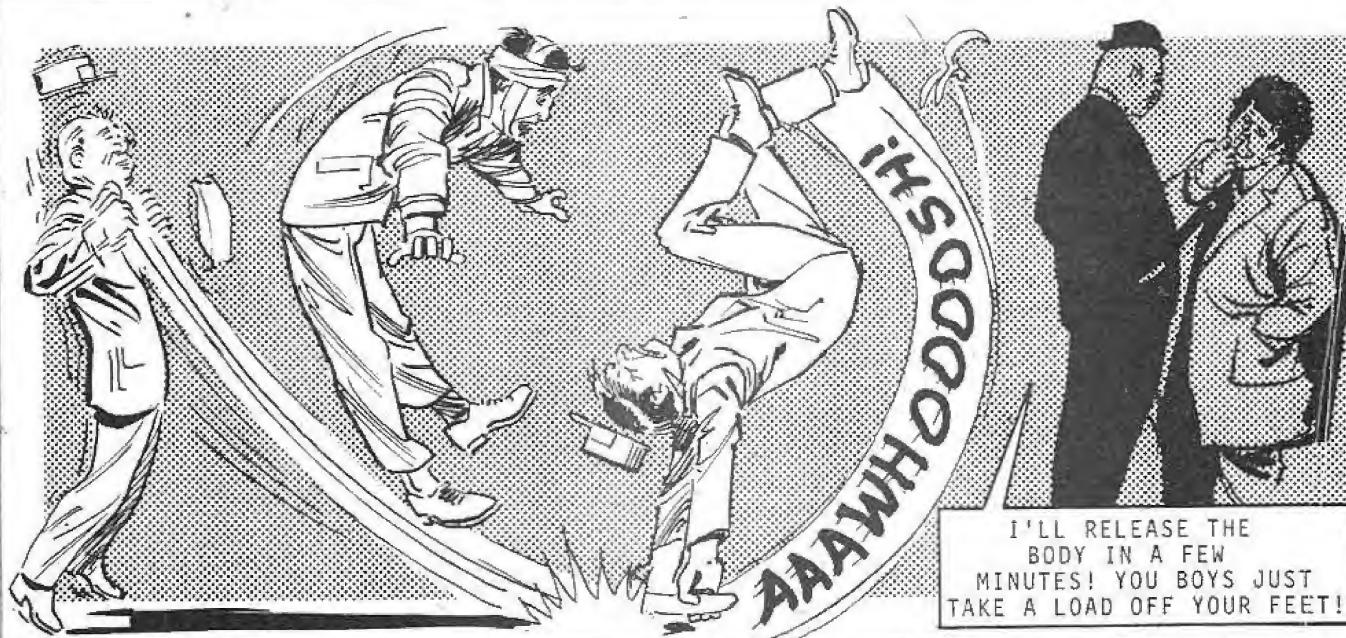
NAH! PIMPS,
PUSHERS, WHORES,
CHILD MOLESTERS!
MY PEOPLE!

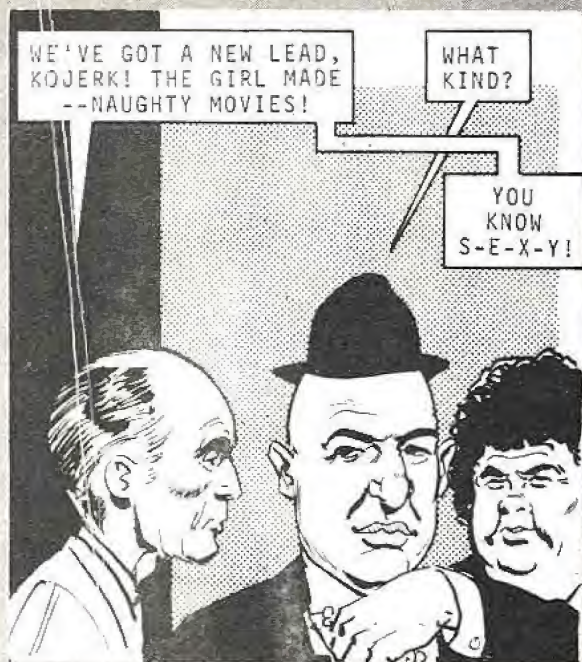


JUST TELL THEM THEY'VE GOT
NO HEART--AND THEY'LL
CUT OUT YOUR GIZZARD
AND FEED IT TO YOU!

HERE
COMES THE
STRETCHER
CREW
LIEUTENANT!

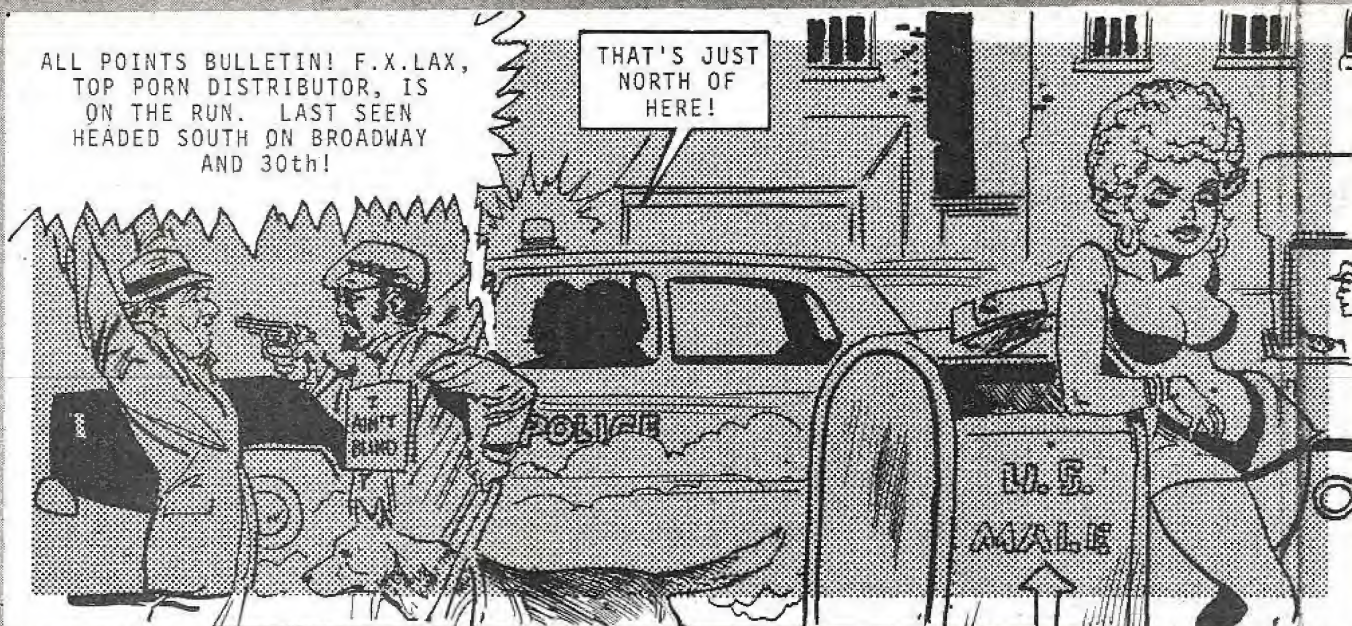






ALL POINTS BULLETIN! F.X. LAX,
TOP PORN DISTRIBUTOR, IS
ON THE RUN. LAST SEEN
HEADED SOUTH ON BROADWAY
AND 30th!

THAT'S JUST
NORTH OF
HERE!



HE IS DANGEROUS! VOTED
FOR NIXON--TWICE! ARM
YOURSELVES TO THE TEETH!

KOJERK,
TAKE
EXTRA
LOLLIPOPS!

YOU
BET!



HERE COMES LAX!

HOW DO YOU KNOW
IT'S HIS CAR?

LOOK AT THE
LICENSE PLATE!

GOOD MAKE, KOJERK!



BRRUPP
BRRUPP!
BRRUPPP!

POLICE



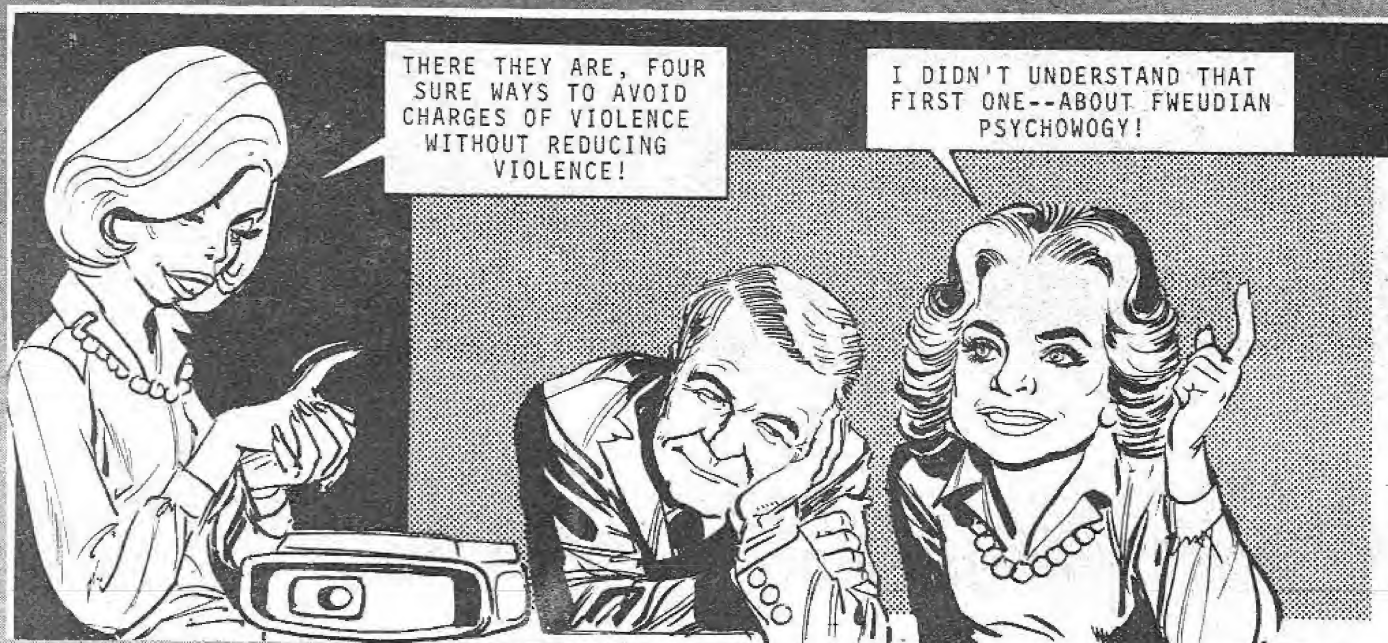
SPLAT SQUASH!

HE GOT STAYGROSS,
THE MONSTER!

YEAH! HE MUST'VE KNOWN
I HATE BLUEBERRY!







THERE THEY ARE, FOUR
SURE WAYS TO AVOID
CHARGES OF VIOLENCE
WITHOUT REDUCING
VIOLENCE!

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT
FIRST ONE--ABOUT FWEUDIAN
PSYCHOWOGY!



YOU DIDN'T UNDER-
STAND "DICK AND
JANE MEET
PETER RABBIT!"

THAT'S NO WAY TO
TALK TO AN
AMERICAN GIRL,
SIR!



GO THROW
A FRISBY,
YOU KING
OF THE
NO-
TALENTS

WHAT'S
A
FWISBY?

A PIE PAN, YOU
MILLION-DOLLAR
BLOCKHEAD!



I WESENT THAT
REMARK, DR.
SMOTHERS! AND
WET GO OF MY
HAIR OR I'LL
SCWATCH OUT
YOUR EYES!

YOU DO, BWABWA,
AND I'LL PUNCH YOU
IN THE MWOUTH-
MWOUTH!

STING LIKE A BUTTERFLY, FLOAT LIKE A BRICK!



THAT'S, FLOAT LIKE
A BUTTERFLY," YOU
PUGILISTIC PEABRAIN!

THEM IS
GONNA BE VERY
FAMOUS LAST
WORDS, HONKEY!

LET GO OF MY
BWONDE TWESSES!
YEEEEK!

I'VE NEVER FELT
SUCH SUBLIME
PEACE!
PSYCHIATRY
--PHOOEY!

AREN'T YOU
SORRY YOU
COMMITTED
AN INSULT TO
AMERICAN
WOMANHOOD?

YES! (ARRGH!) I'LL
NEVER APPEAR WITH
BWABWA WAWA AGAIN!



SMOTHERS



DUMMY

SNEEZNER

REMEMBER,
CHAMP, (ARRRH!)
ACCORDING TO
ANGLO-SAXON
JURIS PRUDENCE--

--I'M NOT
USING MY
FISTS, I'M
USING MY
ARMPITS!

YES, BUT
THAT'S AGAINST
THE GENEVA
CONVENTION
ON INHUMAN
WEAPONS!

HAVE A LEMON MERINQUE, YOU
MUSH-MOUTHED MORON!



SLOWSELL

MOHAMBONE

CHEERIE

GIVE HIM THE
SECRET WEAPON,
BIRDY!

BOMBS
AWAY!



PARETTA

KOJERK

WARNING! THE
PRECEDING PROGRAM
CONTAINED VARIOUS
DISGUSTING WORDS,
IDEAS AND PEOPLE!



IF YOU YOUNG FOLKS WERE UNABLE
TO PREVENT YOUR PARENTS FROM
VIEWING THE OFFENSIVE MATERIAL,
JUST WASH THEIR MOUTHS OUT
WITH A BILLY GRAHAM SHOW
AND SEND THEM TO BED!

IN THE BEGINNING MAN CREATED *FLASH GORDON* AND SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD... THEN HE CREATED *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* AND SAW THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD... THEN HE CREATED *STAR TREK* AND SAW IT IN SYNDICATION FOR MANY YEARS... THEN HE TRIED TO CREATE A *STAR TREK* MOVIE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY OR FORTUNATELY, AS THE CASE MAY BE, THIS LITTLE GEM BEAT HIM TO IT...

STAR BORES

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY DAVE MANAK

LETTERED: TODD KLEIN

OH NO! THE EMPIRE IS ATTACKING THE PRINCESS' SHIP... WE'LL PROBABLY BE MELTED DOWN AND WIND UP IN SOMEBODY'S TOASTER!

BEEP* BOOP
BEEP*
I'M ALREADY PART
TOASTER!

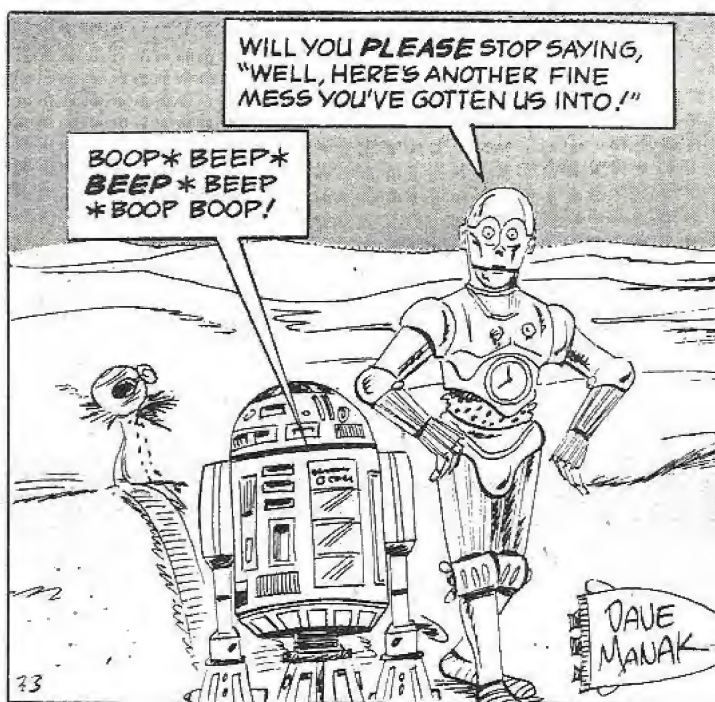
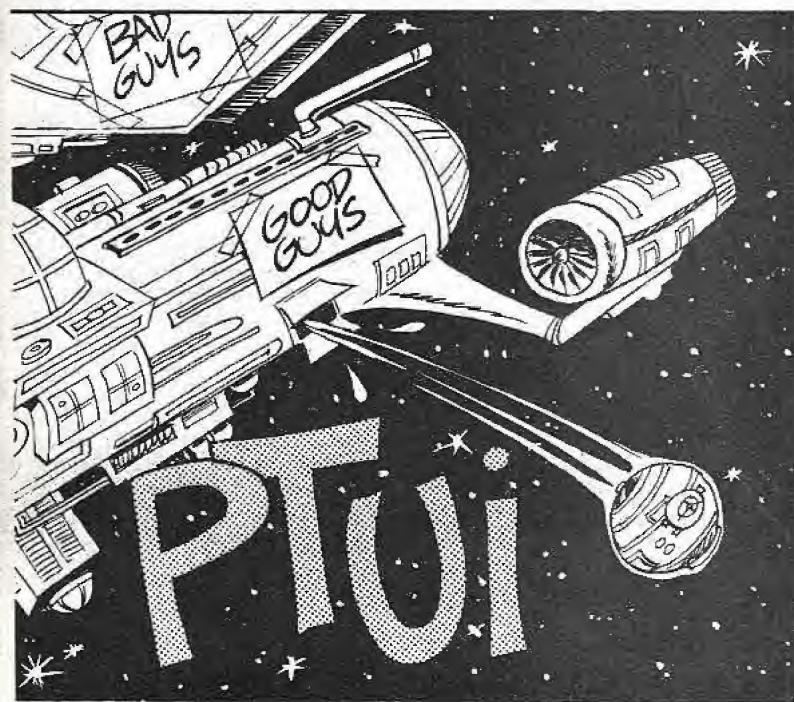
WELL I DON'T WANT TO END UP AS SOMEBODY'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

BEEP* BEEP*
BEEP*
I'M A CIGARETTE LIGHTER TOO!

WELL, DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE NOT?

BOOP*BEEP
BEEP
I'M NOT STUPID!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

GOOD IDEA!-- TO THE SPACE POD, MY LITTLE BUCKET OF NUTS AND BOLTS!



WILL YOU PLEASE STOP SAYING, "WELL, HERE'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN US INTO!"

BOOP* BEEP*
BEEP* BEEP
*BOOP BOOP!

DAVE
MANAK

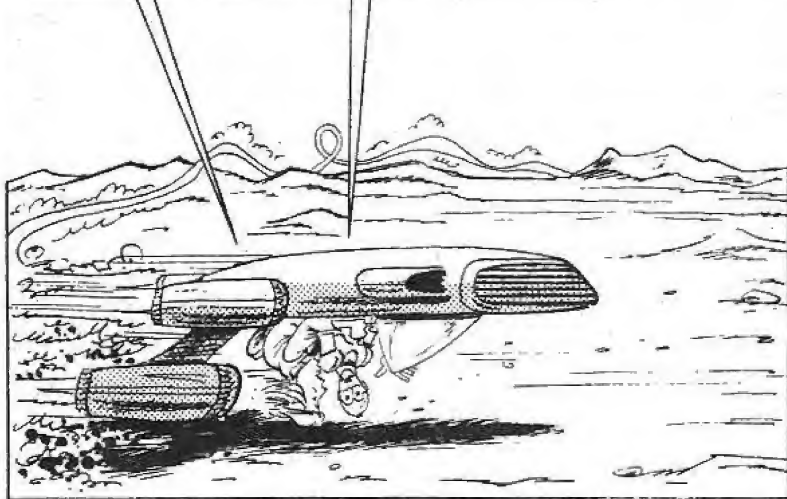
PUKE STARSTUMBLER!
I'VE JUST BOUGHT THESE TWO
DROIDS THAT WERE FOUND
WANDERING IN THE DESERT...

...PUT THEM TO WORK
TENDING THE CROPS,
SWEEPING UP, AND
DOING THE WINDOWS!



WHY DO YOU THINK
R-TOOT RAN AWAY
LAST NIGHT, **3C-BO**?

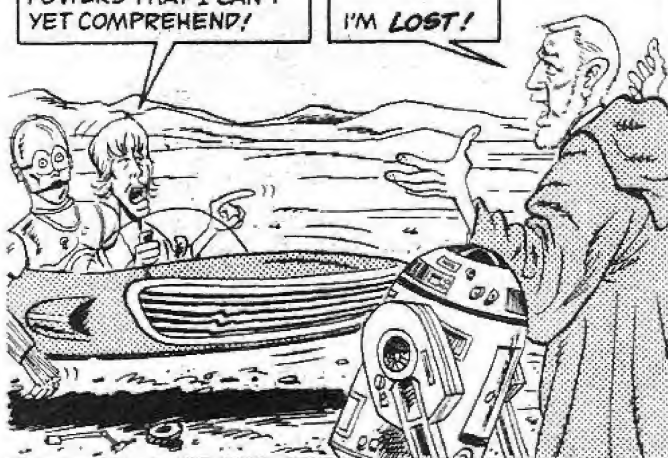
HE DOESN'T MIND TENDING
CROPS AND SWEEPING UP--
BUT HE JUST **WON'T** DO WINDOWS!



THERE HE IS WITH OLD
BUM OXI-WAN FENOKEE,
A MAN WHO POSSESSES
THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE
UNIVERSE AND HAS
POWERS THAT I CAN'T
YET COMPREHEND!

BY THE WAY, **BUM**, WHY DO
YOU LIVE WAY OUT HERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE?

I'M **LOST**!



R-TOOT'S TAPES SAY THAT
PRINCESS LOONA HAS BEEN
CAPTURED BY MY ONE-TIME
GREAT FRIEND, BUT NOW
ARCH-ENEMY, **LORD BARF**!

WHAT **RUINED** YOUR GREAT
FRIENDSHIP, **BUM**?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT
IT MAY HAVE SOME-
THING TO DO WITH
THE **200 BARS** OF
EXTRA-STRENGTH
DEODORANT SOAP
I GAVE TO HIM ON
HIS 30th BIRTHDAY!



BE ALERT, **PUKE**!
THE FORCE TELLS
ME THERE IS
GREAT URGENCY!

TO **SAVE**
THE
PRINCESS?

NO, TO
FIND THE
NEAREST
MEN'S ROOM!

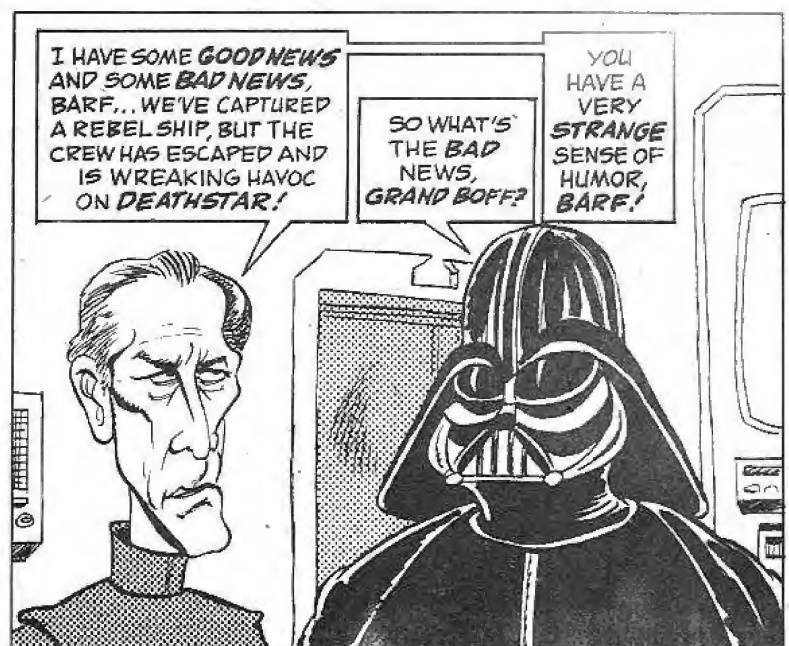
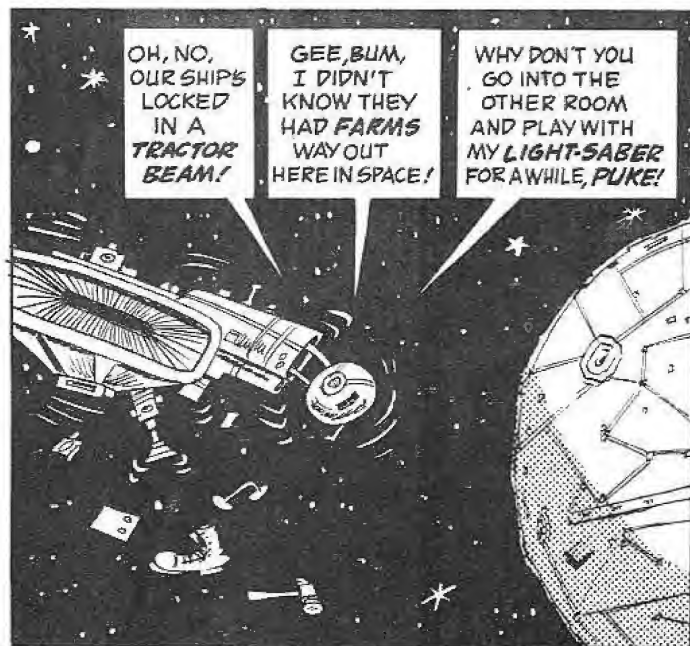
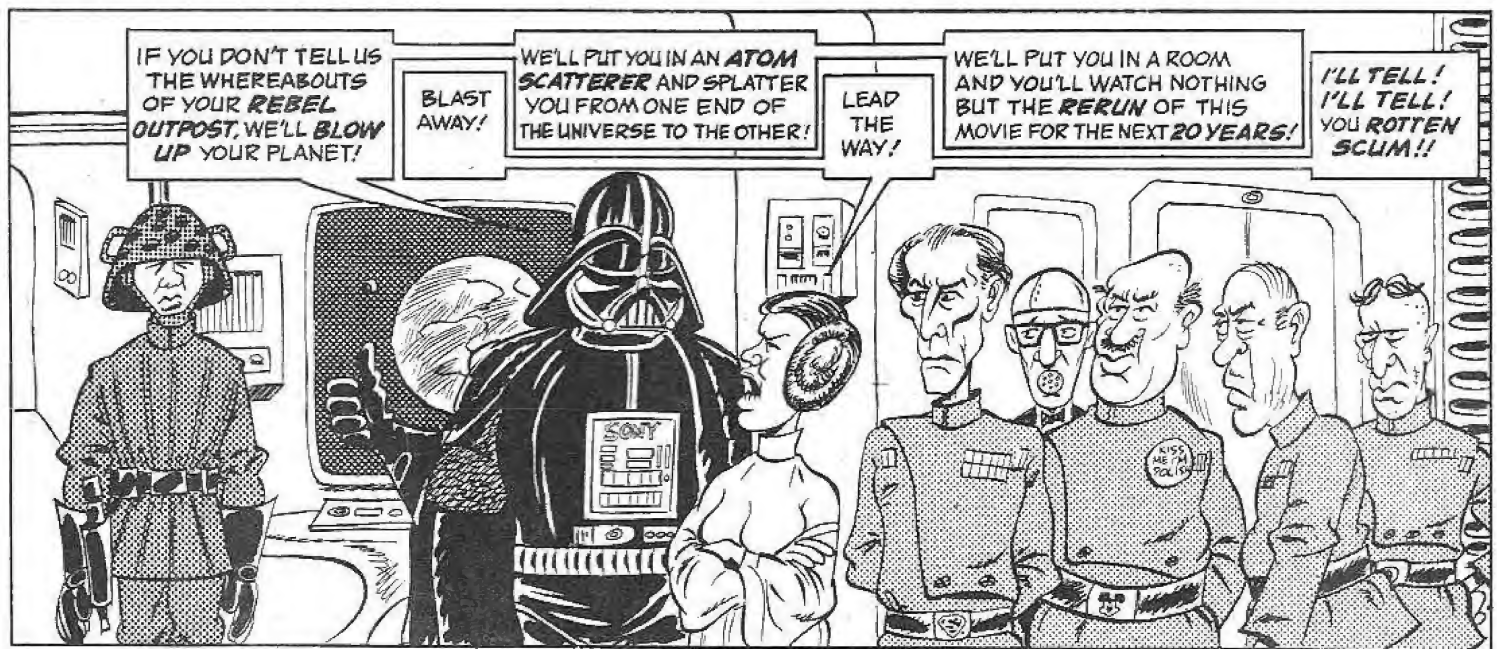
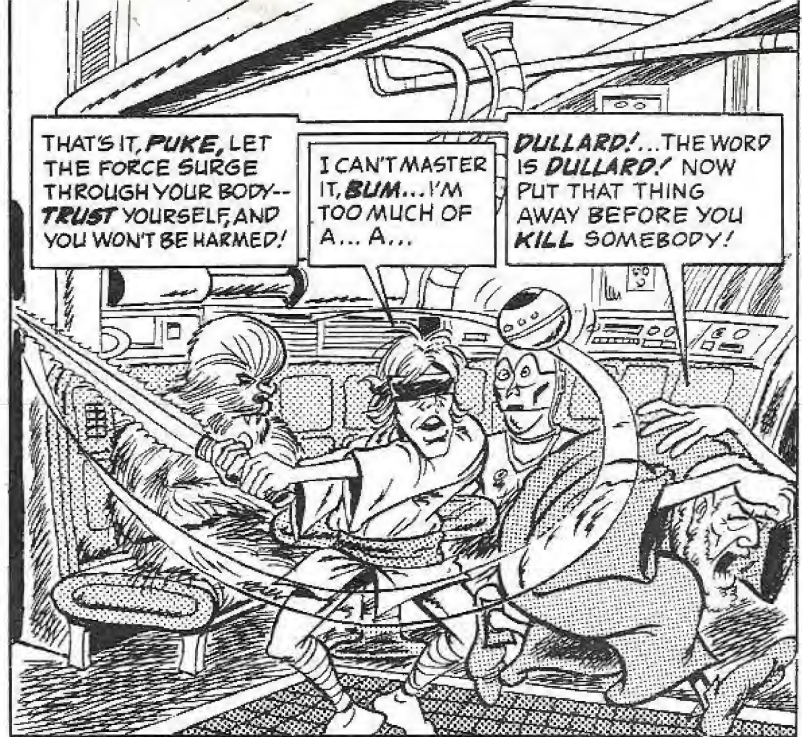
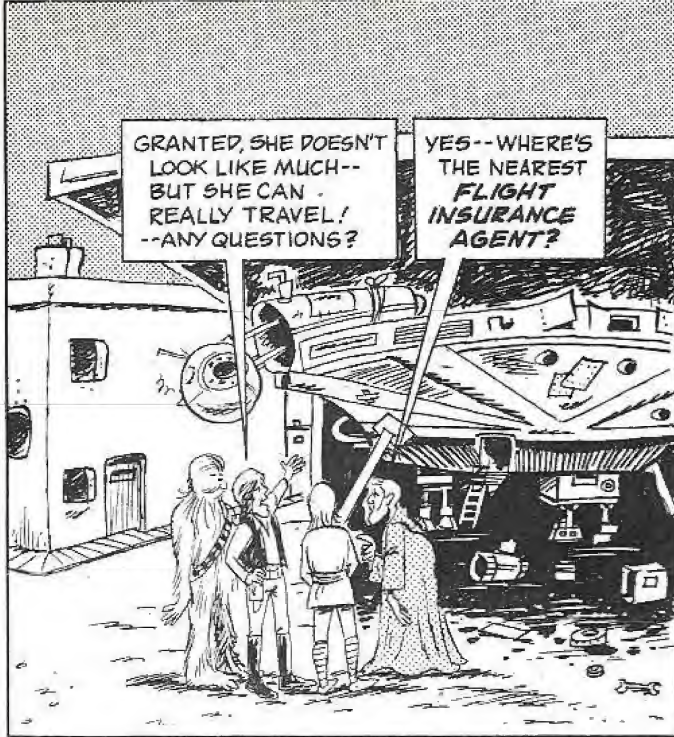


YOU WANT TO HIRE ME AND
MY SHIP TO **SAVE** THE
PRINCESS, RIGHT?-- WELL IT'LL
COST YOU **10,000 PAZUZZA'S**!
HAM SOLOW DOESN'T COME **CHEAP**!

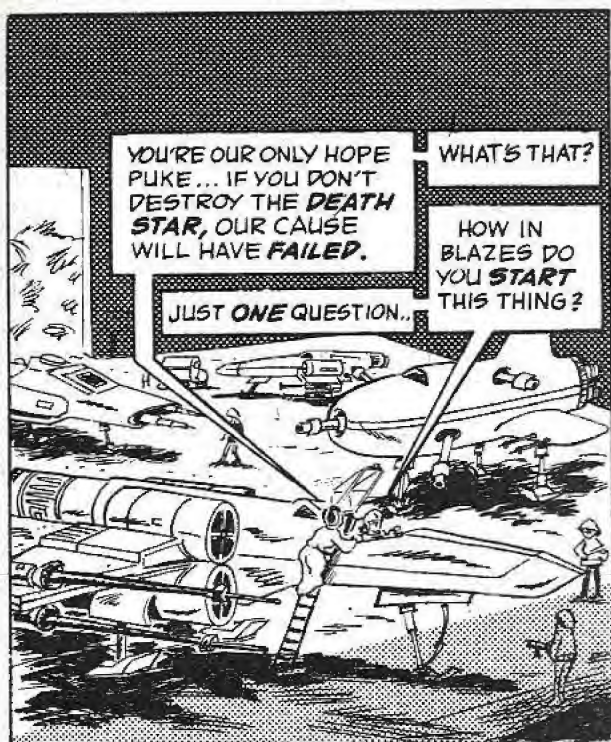
WE'LL
GIVE
YOU
39.50

I ALSO HAVEN'T
HAD A CUSTOMER
IN THE LAST
TWO YEARS!
YOU'RE ON!







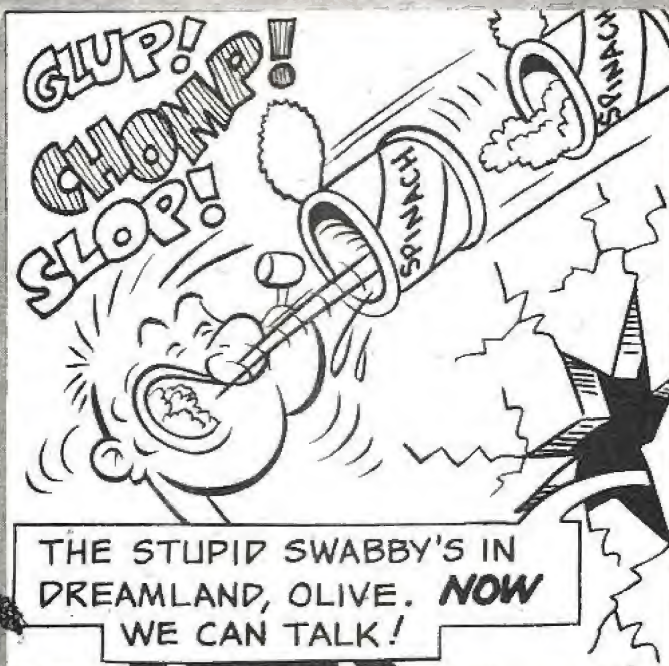


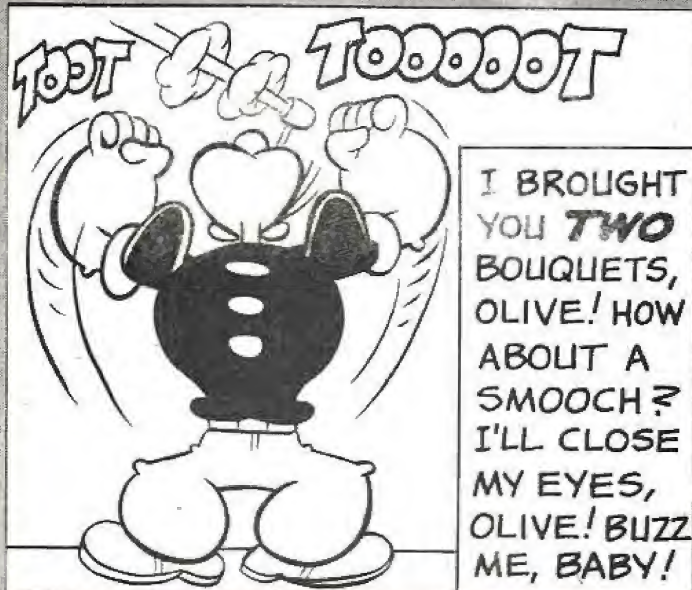
PEACE is WUNNERFUL!

OLIVE IS ME GOIL,
BRU--
MMMPPHHH!

SHE'S *MINE*,
YOU SQUINCH-
EYED, FAT-
LEGGED RUNT!

BOYS, BOYS! PLEASE
STOP FIGHTING! SHAME
ON YOU, BRUTUS. I WANTED
TO *TALK* TO YOU AND
POPEYE ABOUT SOMETHING.





YA WANTS TER TELL
ME I IS YER SWEET
PATOOTIE, RIGHT,
OLIVE?

NOT
EXACTLY,
POPEYE!



THAT'S OUR GIG, OLIVE. WITHOUT
FIGHTIN', WE'LL BE OUTA **WORK!**

THE ONLIEST THING
I KNOWS IS HOW
TO BEAT UP
BRUTUS.

**VIOLENCE
IS OUT!**



I WANT TO TELL YOU THERE'S TOO
MUCH **VIOLENCE** IN THIS COMIC
STRIP! FROM NOW ON, THERE'LL BE
**NO MORE
FIGHTING!**

HUH?



BUT WHAT'LL
WE DO??

IT'S YOUR FAULT, YA ONE-EYED
SWABBY! YOU START FIGHTS 'CAUSE
YOU'RE **JEALOUS** OF MY GOOD LOOKS!

I IS GONTER LAY YA AMONG
THE SWEETPEAS, BRUTUS!



OH, NO!

WHO SEZ?





YA CAN'T NOT HIT ME,
OLIVE, ON ACCOUNT OF
I IS A GEMMELMAN
AN' YOU IS A **LADY!!!**





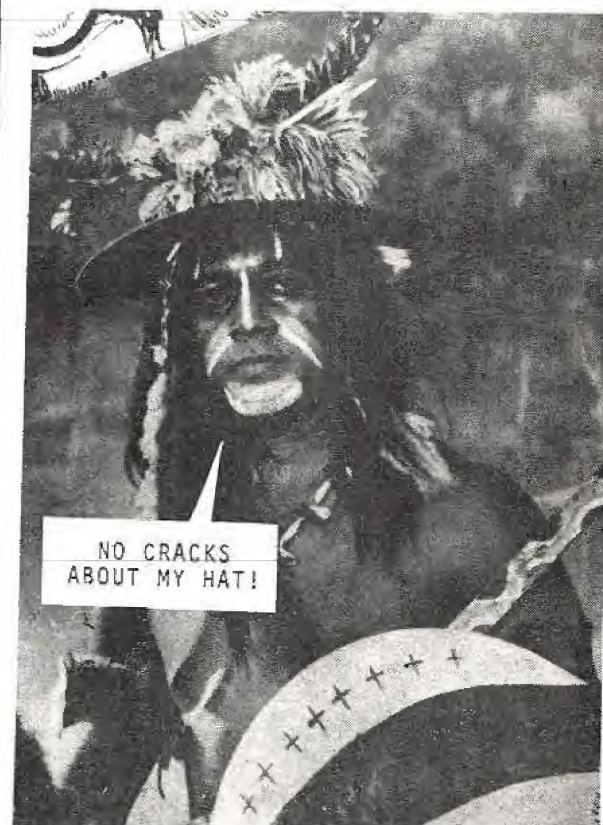
WILL SOMEBODY
START THE
BIDDING?



THE DAGGER
IS MIGHTIER
THAN THE SWORD!



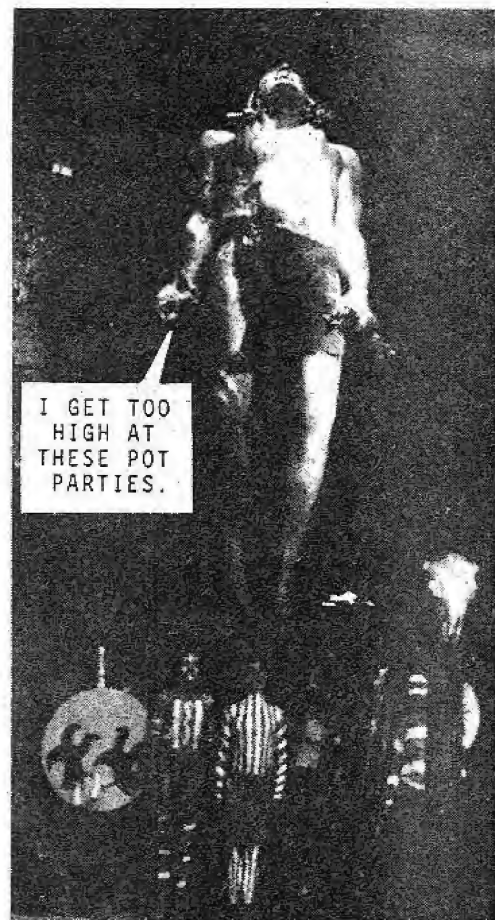
FOR TWO EGGS
AND A
CHOCOLATE
BAR?



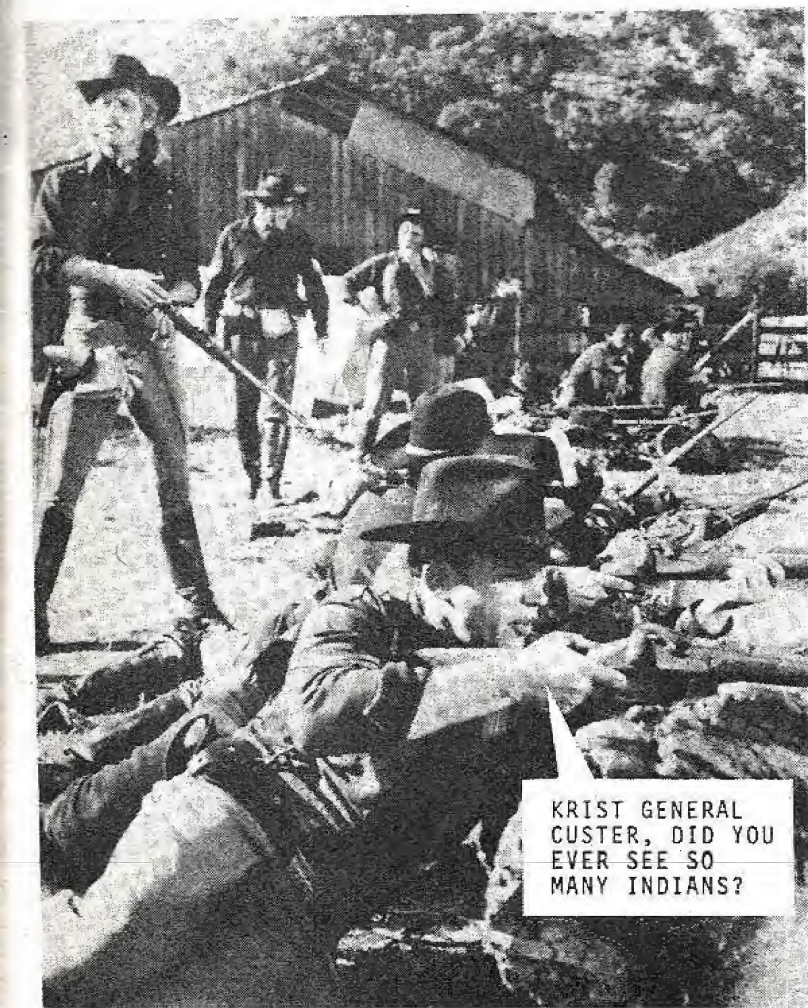
NO CRACKS
ABOUT MY HAT!



GO AHEAD! DUKE,
HIT A LADY.



I GET TOO
HIGH AT
THESE POT
PARTIES.



KRIST GENERAL
CUSTER, DID YOU
EVER SEE SO
MANY INDIANS?



WANT TO BUY
A
PET ROCK?

CASEY

At The Contract Talks!



THE BARGAINING WAS DISMAL FOR THE MUDVILLE BRASS THAT DAY, THE BATBOY AND THE BALLGIRL ASKED A MILLION EACH TO PLAY,



AND SO, WHEN COONEY ASKED FOR NINE, AND BURROWS SEVENTEEN, A DEATHLY PALLOR FELL UPON THE OWNERS OF THE TEAM.



A WORRIED FEW SOLD ALL THEIR STOCK AT ONCE. THE OTHER EIGHT HELD CLOSE TO THE IDEALS THAT HELPED TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY GREAT;



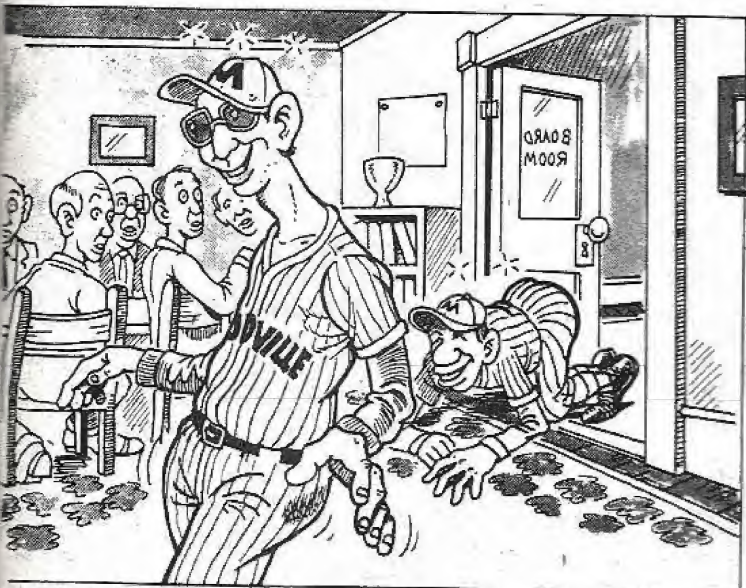
"IF CASEY'D INK A PACT FOR TWENTY THOUSAND," SAID THE VEEP, "THE OTHER CLODS WOULD FALL IN LINE, WITH CASEY WORKING CHEAP!"



BUT FLYNN HAD SIGNED FOR THIRTEEN MILLION, JIMMY BLAKE FOR EIGHT, AND THE FORMER GOT THE NETWORK RIGHTS, THE LATTER, HALF THE GATE;



AND SO, UNLESS HE SIGNED WHILE DRUNK, THERE SEEMED BUT LITTLE CHANCE THAT CASEY'D LEAVE THE OWNERS IN POSSESSION OF THEIR PANTS.



THEN FLYNN WALKED IN UPON THE OWNERS, STEWED JUST LIKE A PRUNE, AND BLAKE, WHO CAME BEHIND HIM, NEARLY POURED INTO THE ROOM:



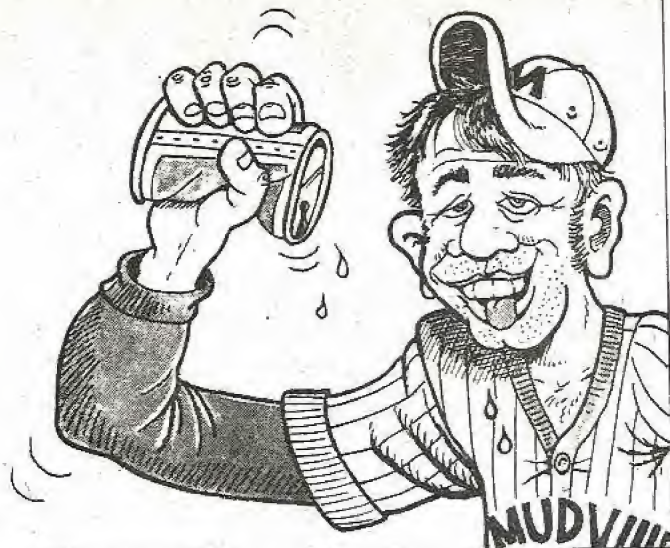
THE OWNERS PRAYED THAT CASEY'D GOTTEN DRUNK WITH THEM THAT DAY; HE'D SIGN FOR BEANS IF HE WERE ONLY HALF AS CROCKED AS THEY!



THEN FROM THE EIGHT REMAINING OWNERS ROSE A LUSTY SHOUT, IT RATTLED OFF THE CHECKBOOKS AND IT KNOCKED THE CASH ABOUT,



IT SENT THE STACK OF SILVER INGOTS FALLING TO THE FLOOR, AS CASEY, GLOWING LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE, STUMBLERED THROUGH THE DOOR!



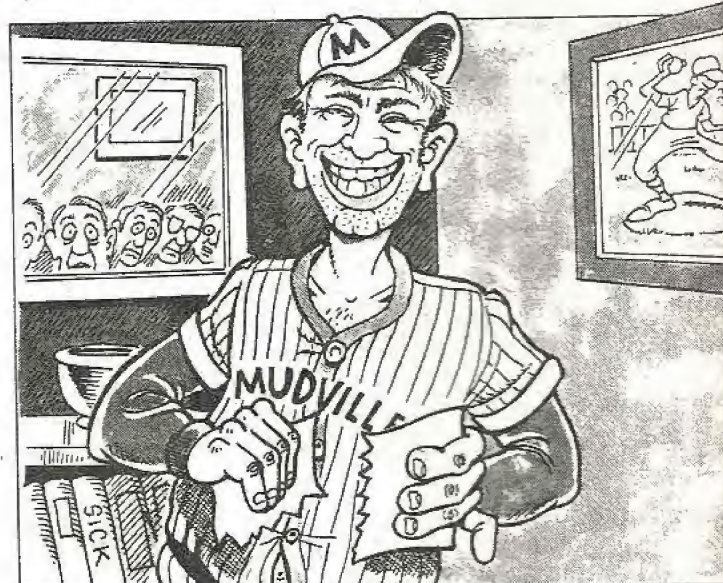
THERE WAS EASE IN CASEY'S STYLE AS HE GUZZLED DOWN HIS BEER. THERE WAS BOURBON LEAKING FROM HIS MOUTH, AND VODKA FROM HIS EAR,



AND WHEN HE SNEEZED AND SPRAYED A QUART OF BIACOBAZZI WINE, NO OWNER IN THE ROOM COULD DOUBT THEY'D MAKE THE SUCKER SIGN.



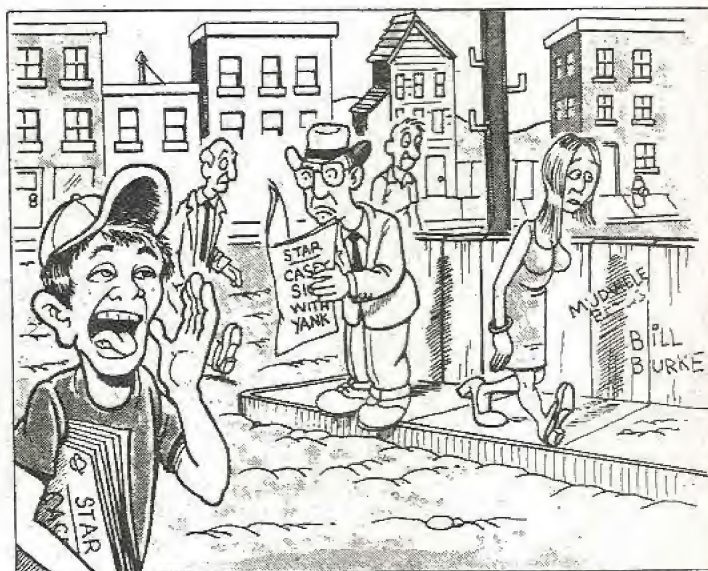
THE OWNERS GRIN MALIGNLY AS THEY HAND HIM PEN AND INK. CASEY SMILES BACK AT THEM AND FINISHES



AND NOW HE PICKS THE CONTRACT UP, AND TEARS THE SHEET IN HALF, AND NOW THEIR NOSTRILS SIZZLE FROM THE SMELL OF CASEY'S LAUGH!



OH! SOMEWHERE IN THE BASEBALL WORLD THE MONEY'S ROLLING IN, AND SOMEWHERE TEAMS HAVE SELLOUT CROWDS, AND SOMEWHERE PENNANTS WIN;



AND SOMEWHERE OWNERS ROLL IN DOUGH AND SATURATE THEIR BANKS, BUT THERE IS NO JOY IN MUDVILLE-- CASEY SIGNED UP WITH THE YANKS.

OUR INTREPID REPORTER
WHO WITHOUT DOUBT IS
WITHOUT FEAR AND
WITHOUT CLOTHES...

CHER D'FLOWER



RRING!

OOOH! ALL
RIGHT I'M
AWAKE!

I'LL SWITCH ON
THE LOUD SPEAKER.

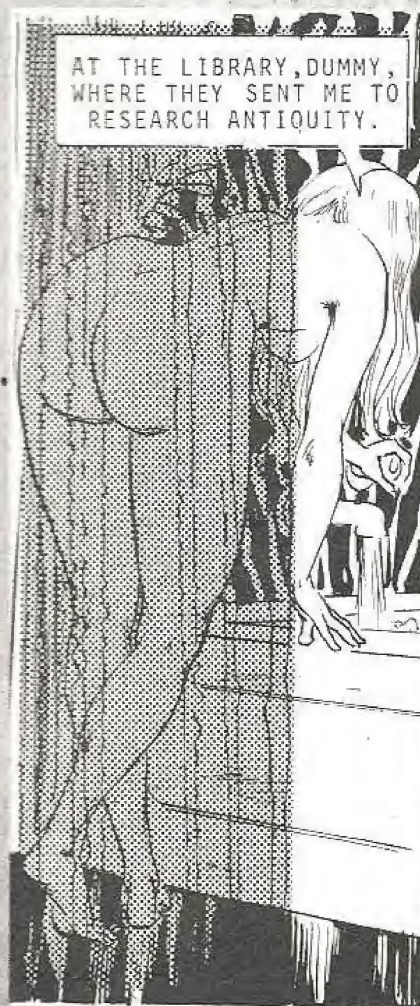


HOW WAS MY
FIRST WORKING
DAY AT "SICK"
MAGAZINE?

VERTICAL!
SENT ME RIGHT
TO MY SHRINK
AFTER WORK!



I THOUGHT THE DAY
WOULD BE A TOTAL
LOSS UNTIL I MET
THIS FELLOW...



AT THE LIBRARY, DUMMY,
WHERE THEY SENT ME TO
RESEARCH ANTIQUITY.



WHAT? ANTIQUITY!

YES!.. IT COULD
BE A NEW NAME FOR
FOOLING AROUND..

...BUT
IT AIN'T!

THE FELLOW IS HEAD
LIBRARIAN AND HE
WANTED TO TAKE ME
TO THE BASEMENT TO
SHOW ME HIS RUINS.

I TOLD HIM
HE SHOULDN'T
PUT HIMSELF
DOWN!

I TELL YOU,
I WAS
IMPRESSED!

NO!
NOT AT THE
LIBRARIAN!
THE BOOKS!

THERE HAD
TO BE A
MILLION
OF THEM!

WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO
LEAVE THE LIBRARY!..

BEG PARDON, ...
NO TRICKS?

NO!

NO
TRICKS!



GETTING
OUT
OF THE
LIBRARY
WASN'T
EASY, NOT
ALL OF
THOSE
PEOPLE
ARE
LOOKING
FOR
BOOKS!



ON THE WAY BACK TO
WORK THIS TAXI
DRIVER ASKED ME IF
I THOUGHT "SICK"
WAS PRIVY TO COM-
MENT ON, OR LAUGH
AT THE NATION'S
AFFAIRS?

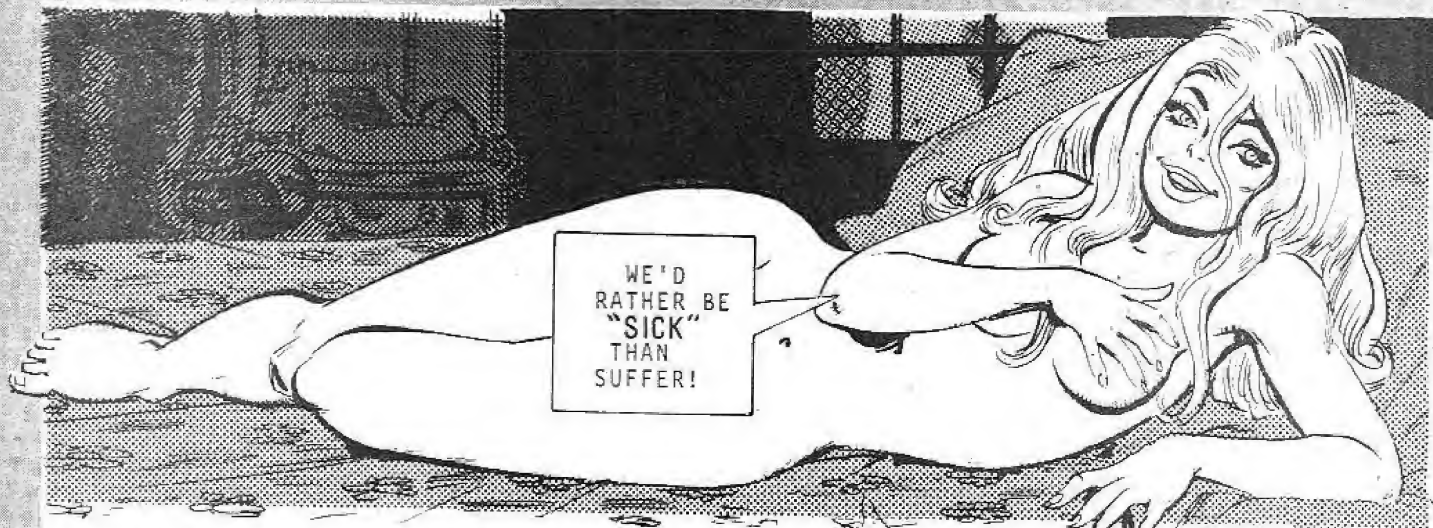


WELL, I TOLD HIM....
PEOPLE HAVE AFFAIRS
... NATIONS HAVE
ORGIES!



....AND IF WE DON'T
LAUGH AT, OR
RIDICULE, SAID
HAPPENINGS...

...WE'RE ALL
CARDIAC
CANDIDATES!



WE'D
RATHER BE
"SICK"
THAN
SUFFER!

SICK

is a

"sugar free"

magazine

**"WE AIN'T HARDLY
SWEET TO
NOBODY!"**



CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER



